KENNEDY THE CATHOLIC: Thomas J. Fleming

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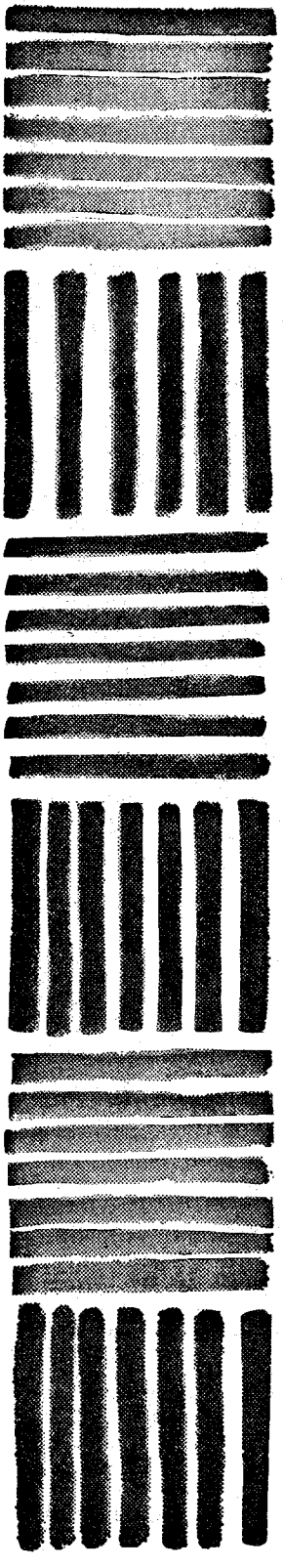

Germany's New Historians

Golo Mann

GET YOUR GUN FROM THE ARMY

Stanley Meisler

The Degree Circus

Season of Kudos

Wade Thompson

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LETTERS

Anger or action?

Vacation Village, Fla.

Dear Sirs: I have seldom been more deeply shocked than by reading Howard Zinn's account of police and jail brutality in the United States in general, and specifically, the account of Oscar Chase's being beaten bloody and unconscious by a fellow prisoner while police looked on ("Incident in Hattiesburg," *The Nation*, May 18).

One hopes that an aroused citizenry will appeal to the President, Attorney General and FBI. . . .

Frances E. Layer

Cleveland, O.

Dear Sirs: My reaction to "Incident in Hattiesburg" . . . was probably similar to that of most readers of *The Nation*. . . . But the real question is, "What are *we* as individuals doing about it?" . . . The conservatives and reactionaries are being whipped into action by the Wallaces and Goldwaters. The liberals cannot afford to be outnumbered at this point. What is needed is *more active* support by *more* of the liberal element which would include a vast majority of *Nation* readers. Questions one might ask oneself include, "Have *I* sent any letters to any of my Congressmen or others expressing my views?" "Have *I* sent any contributions to any of the 'rights' groups with which I am in sympathy?" "Have I joined or supported any groups which are actively engaged in the battle for civil rights?" Too many of us will be ashamed by the answers. . . . *Daniel Forbes*

Jackson, Miss.

Dear Sirs: I ask your readers to help our fight here in Mississippi. My fellow SNCC field secretaries and I have not been paid our $9.64 weekly salary on any regular basis for two months. Recently I have been attempting to set up a legal-records project which would establish files on everyone arrested. . . . This project needs money for office equipment, supplies and subscriptions. Checks can be written to COFO Legal Coordinator. More importantly, our summer project desperately needs funds. The Council Of Federated Organizations (COFO), the unity civil rights group, doesn't even have enough money for mimeo paper, postage, food, let alone for our $300,000 summer plans. Checks can be made out to Mississippi Summer Project. In both cases contributions should be mailed to 1017 Lynch St., Jackson, Miss. Please don't think that the civil rights bill will solve our fundamental problems. Basic SNCC-type community development is what must be supported.

R. Hunter Morey

Pragmatic fallacy

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Donald Grant's perceptive study of the situation in Southeast Asia ("Alternative to Disaster," *The Nation*, May 25) is the first I have seen which offers some concrete solutions to the problems it brings up.

Those ever popular "pragmatic idealists," whose numbers are increasing steadily, see McNamara's trips and the subsequent monetary requests as precluding any change in direction or purpose of policy. For this reason they invoke their "pragmatism" and go on to the next "pet peeve." In this respect *The Nation* and its contributors have differed, and Mr. Grant's incisive article is the satisfactory result. *Harold Tobman*

Peculiar evil

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Referring to Barrows Dunham's splendid article "Why Thoughts are Unthinkable" (Apr. 27), I would like to add the following quote from John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty*: "But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race; posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth: if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error."

Being a civil-service employee, I can't use my name on this or any other communication to your "subversive" publication. Yeah, "in the land of the free and the home of the brave" you have complete freedom of speech and thought—if you wanna lose your job.

Poplicola

Rexroth the man

Lagunitas, Calif.

Dear Sirs: In his review "Lady Poetry" (*The Nation*, May 11), Kenneth Rexroth rants on about "normal women" and their poetry, as though he knew precisely what a normal woman was, or what she might be able to write poetry about—rather what she *should* write poetry about. In what incarnation was Mr. Rexroth a woman? . . .

As for his prose in the above review, presumably called "man prose," what is one to make of his sentence, "I have given many seminars in the analysis of poetry and a favorite of mine has always been Louise Bogan's 'Men loved wholly beyond wisdom . . .'"? At first reading, it would seem this has been his favorite seminar. Or does he mean his favorite analysis? Or does he probably mean the line quoted? Prose, surely should be reasonably clear whether written by male or female. . . . *Laura N. Baker*

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Nehru

Elisabeth Mann Borgese's "An Afternoon with Nehru" (*The Nation*, May 18) turned out to be premonitory. Nehru's face and expression, she noted, "seemed tired of the future, tired of faith and hope, tired of struggling." He was hoarding his forces, his hours. The hours were few, the forces almost depleted.

In his youth, Nehru prepared for greatness. In middle age, in association with Gandhi, he achieved it. Toward the end, baffled by insuperable contradictions and conflicts, he was still a cut or two above the ordinary statesman. The world — and not India alone — recognized this superiority. Here was an intellectual who in action could defeat the British raj, an aristocrat who could identify himself with the common people, a politician who, after liberating his country, could start it on the road to scientific and industrial development. But to what end? In the West, as Vernon L. Parrington wrote, science became the drab and slut of industrialism, and much of intellect and religion went the same way. Will it be different in the East? Nehru would have had it so, and that alone distinguishes him from almost all other leaders of modern nations. What he would have wished is that India should give him, in history, what he could not have in life.

Back to Geneva

It is time that President Johnson turned his attention seriously to the search for a political solution in South Vietnam. Debate in the Security Council adds force to common sense in dictating this course.

Talk in Washington of a twenty-year anti-guerrilla war is nonsense. The situation in Southeast Asia will not even wait on the political convenience of the President and his advisers. People are dying. In Laos, Cambodia, South Vietnam and beyond, events are moving to the disadvantage of the United States. It is foolhardy to postpone the inevitable decision to negotiate until after the November elections. The war in South Vietnam could escalate to something vastly more serious before then.

We cannot avoid attending a "Geneva-type" meeting which also will be attended by representatives of Communist China, among others, and which will discuss not only South Vietnam but the whole area — North Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. Why should we hesitate? We attended such a meeting in 1954, when General Eisenhower was President, and again in 1962, when John F. Kennedy was President.

Adlai E. Stevenson told the Security Council that "There is no need for another such conference. Another Geneva conference, if it reached any agreement at all, would prove no more effective than the agreements we already have."

Mr. Stevenson well knows that one of the reasons why previous agreements have not been more effective is that they have been systematically frustrated by the United States. After taking a leading part in the 1954 negotiations, the United States refused to sign the resulting agreement. American cooperation with the International Control Commission, set up under the agreement, has been virtually nonexistent. The shipment of American troops and arms to South Vietnam is itself contrary to the 1954 agreement.

There are several possible avenues of exit from this mess. They all lead through a figurative Geneva. Whether such a conference were to include nine nations, as in 1954, or fourteen, as in 1962, is not material. But Red China, Russia, the United States, France, Britain and the nations directly concerned — Cambodia, Laos, North Vietnam and South Vietnam — must be included.

The objective should be peace and neutrality—freedom from outside interference, whether Russian, Red Chinese or American. Whether this arrangement is policed by the International Control Commission, at present composed of representatives of Poland, India and Canada, or by a new United Nations peace-keeping force is an important housekeeping detail. Views differ; the place to hammer out an agreement on the whole area is at the conference table.

Here He Is Again

Mohammed Reza, Shah of Iran, is in the United States on one of his periodic barnstorming trips. As usual, he is after money. For all the American public is told, the Shah would appear to be a relatively harmless mendicant, asking only to live in royal splendor at the expense of the American taxpayer, who might as well be mulcted by him as by more objectionable parasites around the world. But this is a delusion fostered by the Shah's publicity apparatus. The truth is, that among all the dictatorial regimes shored up by the United States the Shah's is among the most vicious.

Mohammed Reza rules Iran by means of a 200,000-man army, backed by American military forces in maneuvers staged in the Persian Gulf from time to time. Law and order are further upheld by a gendarmerie and a 50,000-man secret police. These forces are ostensibly organized to fight communism. Their actual function, as Sen. Hubert Humphrey has pointed out, is to fight the Iranian people. They also serve to protect American and British oil interests against characters like Mohammed Mossadegh, under whose premiership the Shah fled to Paris and oil was nationalized. Mossadegh was finally taken care of by the CIA, the army, the feudal landlords and other upper-class elements which are the Shah's partners in keeping Iran safe for democracy.

Under this version of democracy, despite oil royal-

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ties of $400 million a year and U.S. aid, average *yearly* income is less than $80. Life expectancy is under 30 years and the death rate of children is estimated at 50 per cent. Some 85 per cent of the population is illiterate. Freedom of the press and of assembly exists only on paper. To perpetuate the Shah's benign rule, the army on occasion murders university students in their classrooms, tortures dissidents, and beats up ordinary citizens just to show who is the boss.

His public relations men project an image of the Shah as a progressive, "Western" monarch. His progressivism is shown by a typical Iranian budget which allows nearly 12 billion rials for the armed forces, 1 billion for the Ministry of Health, and 0.6 billion for the universities. As a clincher, the Shah's land reforms are cited. The fact is that after all the reforming, 60 per cent of the farmers own no land at all. The Shah himself is said by dissident Iranian elements in the U.S. to own 3.7 million acres, of which 3 million are set aside for the crown prince. The Shah has sold some of the remainder to peasants on the installment plan, and the other big landlords have sold part of their holdings. Nothing has been given away.

The royal visitor and his friends have stashed away funds in Swiss and American banks. It would not be surprising if some U.S. aid found its way into these repositories, which will come in handy should another Mossadegh emerge. Meanwhile, the Shah is enjoying U.S. hospitality, receiving a doctorate from the University of California, and enacting his lucrative role as a liberal monarch. Not a bad life, and to make sure that nothing mars the royal serenity, the FBI has been paying formal calls on some of his opponents in this country.

The Test

In the six months since he moved into the White House Mr. Johnson has professed concern for the interests of every politically important element in America—even that largest but politically weakest group, the consumer. The President has delivered a consumer message to Congress and appointed a Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs; the buying public has never before received such high-level attention. But those who are really concerned about the welfare of the consumer (and there are precious few) are watching to see how all this attention is translated into action. They will not have to wait much longer for a first indication of which way the White House will jump when the move counts.

On June 22, the interim appointment of Charles Ross, Commissioner of the Federal Power Commission, is due to expire. Ross, a young Vermont rate regulator, has been a vigorous crusader for the public interest. The FPC is now delicately balanced 3 to 2 in favor of the consumer, and it is no secret in Washington that the private power lobby has been exerting maximum pressure on the President to appoint a pro-industry commissioner in place of Ross.

The FPC, with jurisdiction over interstate gas and electric rates, as well as over the licensing of hydroelectric sites, has a direct bearing on the cost of living and on such matters as the conservation of natural resources. The rates established by the federal commission are used as yardsticks for state regulation. In an election year in which the President is trying—and with considerable success—to be all things to all men, the FPC appointment presents a major test of his willingness to place the public welfare ahead of the greed of the oil and gas interests of Texas with which he has long been closely identified.

New Hampshire Hangover

All our reliable political observers have happily consigned the phenomenon of McCarthyism to history, and the witch-hunting days of a decade ago now seem as safely remote as Salem. Such pleasant reflections provide little comfort, however, to Hugo De Gregory, a 50-year-old bookkeeper who has recently been sentenced to a year in prison for refusing to tell the state of New Hampshire about his political activities dating back as far as a quarter century.

Readers may recall a report on the "New Hampshire Inquisition" (*The Nation*, March 19, 1960) which surveyed the witch-hunting achievements of then state Attorney General Louis Wyman that eventually sent Dr. Willard Uphaus to prison for a year. Even in 1960 the prosecution of Dr. Uphaus seemed anachronistic. That was four years ago, Mr. Wyman is now a Congressman, the national jitters have subsided even further, a Democratic governor sits in the New Hampshire capitol, and yet the current Attorney General, William Maynard, continues in unrelenting pursuit of Mr. De Gregory.

This last remaining menace to the safety of the Concord Statehouse has been hounded for nearly a decade now. It seemed that his case had been finally settled last November, at which time he purged himself of contempt by stating that he was not a member of the Communist Party. The judge ruled the case was closed, but Attorney General Maynard issued a new subpoena the same day. At a hearing on November 22, while being questioned by Maynard and his special subversion assistant, Joseph Gall, Mr. De Gregory volunteered for the record the following information:

> *I would like to state, Mr. Gall, that I am not a member of the Communist Party and have not been at any time since the authority you have cited, RSA: 588:8a; that I have no knowledge of Communist activities in New Hampshire or of any violations of RSA 588 during this period of six and one-half years. In fact I am not even aware of the existence of a Communist Party in the state of New Hampshire at any time the authority you have cited, section 8a, has been on the statute books, and in view of the foregoing, I do not understand what I have to face here today.*

That statement, which has never been challenged, would seem explicit enough to satisfy the fears of the most vigilant guardian of public safety. It did not, however, satisfy the state of New Hampshire, whose

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Attorney General summoned De Gregory to court several weeks ago and, when he refused to answer further questions about his past political activities, secured a verdict of contempt from the Merrimack County Superior Court. Mr. De Gregory, who has already served two three-week periods in prison for failure to cooperate with the New Hampshire authorities investigating alleged subversion, is now out on bail pending further appeal. The ghost of McCarthy may be seen no more in the halls of Washington, but it still haunts the New Hampshire hills.

That Long, Hot Summer

There have been many predictions of tragic developments in the field of race relations this summer. These forecasts may be well founded; our Negro citizens (for many of them it is only a token status) certainly have cause for anger and desperation. But there are other possibilities.

It seems likely that a civil rights bill — and a fairly good one — will be passed. Granted that no single piece of legislation, or for that matter the Constitution itself, can work miracles, granted that it would be a mistake to arouse false anticipations, and granted also that the big social and economic problems centering on race discrimination will arise *after* civil rights have been won, it is nevertheless likely that if the bill is enacted into law soon, significant and prompt gains can be expected in at least two crucial areas: public accommodations and employment.

The outlook for the first is good because compliance turns on the decisions of individuals. Many hotels, chain stores, travel facilities and the like probably would prefer to pursue a non-discriminatory policy right now and are deterred only by local opinion and the threat of reprisals. These neutralists will be able to announce that non-discrimination is now federal law and they have no choice but to comply. There should be enough switch-overs to make a noticeable difference. The same mechanism may operate to increase Negro employment, not across the board but in the skilled trades. Many managers who would like to employ more Negroes are encountering blocks of one kind or another from prejudiced communities, unions and other groups. The civil rights law will give them the support they need to inaugurate more enlightened—and prudent—policies.

The bill as it stands is not without teeth. The federal government makes about $8 billion in grants to states, and of course the poorer states get the most benefit. Mississippi is a case in point, Alabama another. Mississippi contributes approximately 30¢ for every dollar it receives; New York probably contributes $2 for every dollar that comes back. The provision for denying funds can exert important leverage in the South; nobody slaps Uncle Sam in the face when he comes bearing gifts — and can take them away.

But the most important gains are perhaps less direct. Specifically, the legislation will provide a framework of achievable goals within which agitation, demonstrations and picketing will tend to take place. Instead of spreading all over the lot, this activity can be directed along the lines of the legislation, which will channel and concentrate the energy of the movement. The effects may be formidable. In these ten years of frustration strong civil rights organizations have developed. They have had a lot of experience, resolute leaders have risen from the ranks, and they will press hard to win the rights embodied in the legislation. And they will not stop there.

The Accumulation of Error

On May 24, *The New York Times*, in an item which received little attention in the press generally, reported the loss of a kilogram (2.2 lbs.) of "deadly plutonium" in the sky over Africa. The plutonium was in a nuclear battery known as SNAP (Systems for Nuclear Auxiliary Power) which was carried into space in a navigational satellite of the Transit class. Because of "human error" — a technician at the control center failed to throw a switch — the satellite went astray and the plutonium, worth $1 million, was lost with it. Three earlier launchings of devices equipped with SNAP had been successful.

The failure, however, may be more instructive than the successes. The first point to be noted is the manner in which the information was handled. Apparently the mishap occurred at Vandenberg Air Force Base on April 21. Neither the Atomic Energy Commission, the Air Force nor the Defense Department disclosed it. *The Atomic Forum*, newsletter of the Atomic Industrial Forum, got wind of it and queried the commission, which then disclosed the mishap in one brief sentence —three weeks after it occurred. John W. Finney, who wrote the *Times* account, reports "indications" that the commission would have issued a fuller account but was blocked by the Defense Department. Defense in turn sought refuge in the classified status of Transit, but added its hope that the satellite had burned up in re-entry and that the plutonium was suspended in minute particles at about 120,000 ft. altitude, where it would gradually mingle with the debris of nuclear test explosions and not add appreciably to the burden of man-made radioactivity.

The State Department apparently had some reservations about the SNAP experiments. While the plutonium was not to be exploded but only to be used as a power source, the possibility of accidental radioactive contamination was foreseen. The Defense Department, however, insisted on going ahead.

This was not a scientific enterprise. It was a field test of a device which might serve as a small power source in space, instead of the solar cells generally used. Obviously a battery having an output of only a few tens of watts, and costing more than $1 million, would have no conceivable use except in space, where $1 million is like a thin dime on earth.

The experiment was a dubious one, considering the risk involved and the information to be expected. But to the military-industrial experimenters it was only an arrow shot into the air, to fall to earth they know not where. And they couldn't care less.

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Get Your Gun From the Army . . . Stanley Meisler

A month after the assassination of John F. Kennedy, an Army colonel testified before Congress that the deed might harm the Army's civilian marksmanship program. "I think that this terrible tragedy did have a tremendous impact upon marksmanship in the United States, and in this way: it focused the attention of all American citizens on the weapon that was used in the commission of that crime — the gun," Colonel John K. Lee, Jr., told the House Appropriations subcommittee on Defense. "The public sentiment is against it as a tool. . . . There is a feeling of revulsion against the instrument which caused a tragedy of this sort."

Colonel Lee made it clear that he did not share this revulsion: "To me, a gun . . . in itself never commits any act, wrong or right, but is controlled by the people who handle it." Almost all of the Congressmen present indicated that they agreed with the irrelevant logic of this cliché.

Colonel Lee's testimony took only a few minutes and covered only $500,000 or so during days of hearings on the $50 billion Department of Defense budget. But his comments on the assassination attracted some attention and so drew notice to a little-known segment of Army life—its program of distributing guns and ammunition to civilians and training the recipients in their use. At the end of 1963, the Army was instructing 384,950 civilians in marksmanship, a number exceeding a third of the total American soldiers under arms. Half of those trained were younger than 18. This program cost the government $620,000 in the last fiscal year. But the annual appropriation may not cover the whole cost of the program to the Army. Rep. Henry B. Gonzalez (D., Tex.) has told Congress that the federal government, at a cost of $1,627,422, distributed more than 60 million rounds of ammunition to gun clubs during the 1963 fiscal year.

The program is not new — the Army has been sponsoring it for years and has well-defined reasons for doing so. "We in the Army completely endorse the budget request . . ." Colonel Lee informed the House subcommittee," because those of us vested with the responsibility for training our nation's youth realize that regardless of our highly technical armament, the ultimate weapon of our defense is man himself. The man with the gun, the citizen properly trained in the use of firearms, has been the foundation of our military strength throughout the history of our nation." The Army, using these lofty —though, in a nuclear age, questionable—sentiments, has done its best to glorify the role of the gun in American society. In doing so, it has joined hands with the main force in the gun lobby that has prevented Congress so far from passing any meaningful legislation to restrict the ownership and use of guns. The heart of this lobby, the Army's partner, is the National Rifle Association, a nonprofit, private organization of more than 600,000 American gun buffs.

The Army oversees civilian marksmanship through its National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, which is headed by Colonel Lee. The board sets up instruction programs, organizes the annual National Rifle and Pistol Matches, and markets used guns to the public. It does all this through the National Rifle Association. The Army sells rifles at cost to civilians only if they are members of the NRA, and it gives instruction to gun clubs only if they are affiliated with the NRA. There is, as Colonel Lee told Congress, "a good cross-membership" between the NRA and the National Board, and sometimes the board looks like the NRA's little empire within the Army. Colonel Lee, for example, serves both as executive officer of the Army's National Board and as a member of the NRA's board of directors. The NRA, in fact, boasts that it was responsible for the establishment of the National Board in 1903.

Pentagon records show that the Army sold 268,893 .30-caliber Model 1903A3 rifles to members of the NRA from 1960 to mid-1963. Last March, the Army also offered 150,000 M1 .30-caliber carbine rifles to members of the NRA and found a customer for each one. During the past year, the Army also made 30,000 .45-caliber pistols available to NRA members. In addition to all these guns, which were priced at cut rates, the Army sold at regular prices 1,344 M1 Match rifles and 309 M1 Standard rifles (for conversion to Match) to selected NRA marksmen. In short, the Army has put almost a half million used guns in the hands of civilians during the last five years.

The Army sells these guns to NRA members, it says, not to make a profit or to clear Army stocks, but to improve "skills in the use of these weapons." Its authority to do so comes from Congress, whose members believe that channeling arms through the NRA is the best way to encourage marksmanship while keeping the guns out of the hands of criminals, fools and novices. The Army points to several NRA safeguards: No one can become a member without sponsorship from another member, and each applicant must sign a pledge. "I certify," this pledge states, "that I am a citizen of the United States; that I am not a member of any organization which has as any part of its program the attempt to overthrow the Government of the United States by force or violence; that I have never been convicted of a crime of violence, and that if admitted to membership I will fulfill the obligations of good sportsmanship and good citizenship." Nothing is said (see box, page 570) about a tendency to discover guerrillas in every thicket.

Since there is no legal control over what an NRA man does with his Army gun, each purchaser signs a statement assuring the Army that he does not intend to sell it. "Your average member of the National Rifle Association is certainly a law-abiding citizen," Colonel Lee told the subcommittee. But, more important, Franklin L. Orth, executive vice president of the NRA, has assured the Senate subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency "that in our clubs where our individuals have received [Army] firearms . . . there is no record of any case in which any of the pistols which are owned by our people or any of the other firearms, have ever been used for an illegal, unlawful purpose."

Despite these proud pledges, it is

Stanley Meisler is a Washington newsman.

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a question how closely the NRA and the Army actually check the men and women who receive federal guns and ammunition. In May, New York policemen, worried about Malcolm X's call for Negroes to arm, raided the homes of two officers of a Harlem rifle club and seized 12,000 rounds of ammunition—or 11,600 rounds more than the law allows to be stored. The men had received a third of the ammunition from the Army through the Office of Civilian Marksmanship, an agency of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice.

As it turned out, members of this club were not Black Nationalists, but the incident raised the issue of what controls were in effect to keep weapons out of the hands of fanatics. Frank Daniel, NRA secretary, who reported that the Harlem club had been associated with the NRA since 1959, said the investigation of individual rifle clubs was the job of the state associations and the state governments, not the NRA or the Army. Major A. C. O'Hara, chief of the New York State National Guard, then told *The New York Times* that the state can't do the job. He said it was impossible to fingerprint officers and members of clubs; therefore, every time he received a list of club members from the NRA, he simply sent it back without approval or disapproval. And a high police official told the *New York Post*: "Any creeps and nuts in this town can get together and start a club, buy anything short of a machine gun, go out and practice on established ranges, and there's just no way for us to know what's going on."

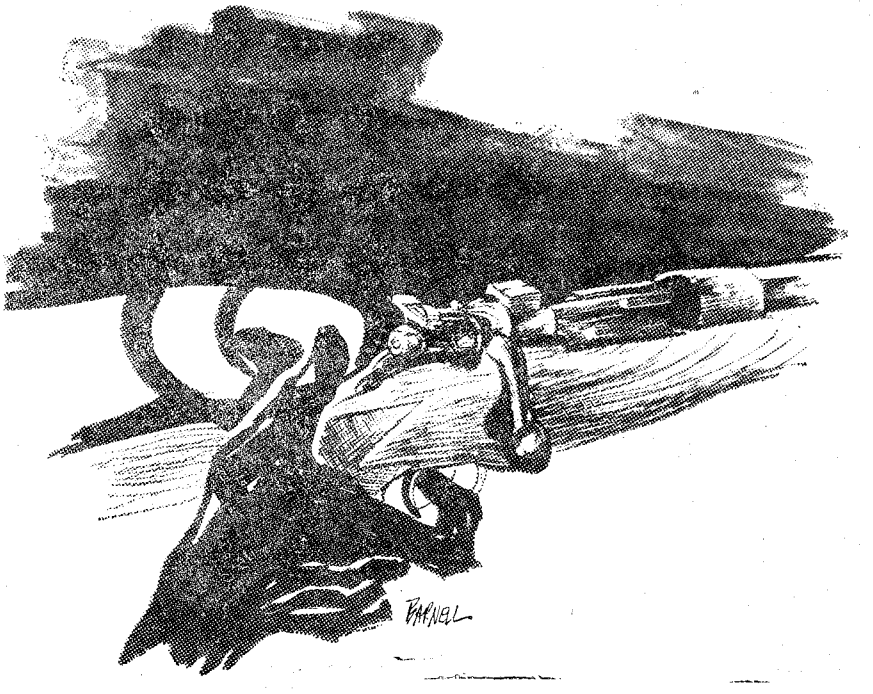
Moreover, in the statement which he inserted in the *Congressional Record* (May 26), Mr. Gonzalez charged that the Minutemen, the fanatical, right-wing, guerrilla-type anti-Communist organization, was "in part supported, subsidized and encouraged by the federal government" through the civilian marksmanship program. Mr. Gonzalez also quoted from a newsletter written by M. S. Riecke, Jr., founder of the Paul Revere Associated Yeomen (Pray) in which he urged members to join the National Rifle Association . . . stock up on rifles, shotguns, pistols . . . join the Minutemen. . . . Remember, the Communists cannot subdue an armed citizenry."

The more than 600,000 members of the National Rifle Association pay at least $5 a year dues ("benefactors" contribute more than $1,000) and receive for this the camaraderie of fellow sportsmen, the organization of competitive shoots, a subscription to the NRA's *American Rifleman*, a chance to buy Army guns, a massive public relations campaign that included a float in the 1963 Tournament of Roses Parade saying, "The Bill of Rights — Freedom to Keep and Bear Arms" and, most important, some lobbying on their behalf in the halls of state legislatures and Congress. The NRA is proud of this lobbying. Its advertisements for membership boast that "since 1871, the National Rifle Association has stood against ill-advised attempts to disarm our citizens through anti-firearm laws. NRA must continue to take the lead in turning the tide of uninformed anti-firearms opinion." To help make sure that this is done, the *American Rifleman* publishes monthly lists of gun legislation pending in state capitals. The editors urge members to use "logic, good sense and courtesy" in writing their state legislators about the gun bills.

The NRA, with its national headquarters in Washington, has easy access to Congress. Executive Vice President Orth is continually testifying about gun legislation and cornering Congressmen to urge them to withdraw or tone down their anti-gun bills. Orth and the NRA always stress they are lobbying for the sportsmen of America and have no other ax to grind. "The National Rifle Association, chartered in 1871, is a nonprofit association, supported by membership dues," the NRA blurbs say. "The Association is recognized by federal statute, but receives no financial assistance from Congress." This, of course, ignores the $600,000 that Congress shuffles toward the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, an agency that seems to benefit the NRA and no one else.

It also ignores the very heavy advertising support given the NRA in the pages of *American Rifleman* by the sports gun industry, a business that shipped, when last studied in detail by the Department of Commerce, more than $50 million worth of guns a year to American civilians. "Let's Aim for Good Gun Legislation," the Redfield Gun Sight Company advertises in the March issue of the *American Rifleman*. ". . . The National Rifle Association and other responsible citizens' groups need your wholehearted and enthusiastic support." Such advertising gave the NRA almost $1 million in 1963, 25 per cent of its total income. It is safe to assume that the National Rifle Association, when it pleads the case for more than 600,000 sportsmen, pleads a case for the American gun industry.

The Rifle Association likes to



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boast that if it had been as powerful in 1911 as it is now, it could have prevented New York from enacting the Sullivan Law, which requires registration of any concealable weapon even if it is kept only over a fireplace at home or in an office desk. "There was no organized opposition in those days to ill-conceived firearms laws," said an article in the *American Rifleman*. "The Sullivan Law is really no worse than many introduced into other State Legislatures each year. But now they are properly analyzed and usually killed before they get to the floor for discussion. Today, as for the last 30 years, the full strength of the membership of NRA would be marshaled against any such proposal. Unfortunately, in 1911 there was no such organized strength." One of the problems for the NRA in New York is that police do not like to issue registration permits. "Police captains are cautious individuals because of their experience with humanity," Executive Vice President Orth told the Senate subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency. "They do not like the idea of certifying somebody to have a hand gun when there is always a possibility that the pistol permit-holder will do something wrong and this decision can reflect the captain's judgment. . . ."

The NRA feels that many proposed anti-gun bills would harass the honest sportsman and allow the criminal to find his weapon in violation of the law. The NRA also likes to quote Dr. Marvin E. Wolfgang, professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, who once wrote, "Few homicides due to shooting could be avoided merely if the firearm were not immediately present. . . . The offender would select some other weapon to achieve the same destructive goal. Probably only in those cases where a felon kills a police officer, or vice versa, would homicide be avoided in the absence of a firearm." And while the NRA agrees there are some unscrupulous gun dealers, it says that many proposals would hurt the reputable dealers. "Many reputable firearms dealers, of good repute based on a history of adherence to existing law on all levels, could suffer financial disaster if the tide of public opinion is turned in the direction of all-encompassing legislation," Orth told the Senate subcommittee.

As a general policy, the NRA does not believe that any anti-gun bill is much good, but it never blindly opposes them all, at least not as a national organization. When it sees that the mood of Congress or a legislature favors some anti-gun legislation, the NRA works to make sure the bill will hurt its members as little as possible. In 1962, NRA officials met frequently with staff members of Senator Thomas J. Dodd's subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency to persuade the legislators not to draft too strong a bill.

Dodd and his assistants had generated publicity by showing how easy it was for a teen-ager to buy a hand gun by mail order and how often these guns became robbery and murder weapons. In 1963, Dodd introduced a bill that would have required purchasers of hand guns by mail order to fill out and sign an affidavit listing their name, age, address and criminal record, if any. There is reason to believe that the NRA, while not opposing the bill publicly, worked through local gun clubs to kill it; in any case, it got nowhere. Then Lee Harvey Oswald ordered a gun by mail, a gun advertised in the *American Rifleman*. . . .

Dodd's bill would not have prevented Oswald from buying his rifle; it would not even have made the purchase more difficult. So, after the assassination, Dodd fashioned a new bill, covering not hand guns alone but all firearms, and requiring the mail-order purchaser not only to fill out an affidavit but to have it "authenticated by the highest local law-enforcement authority in his community." This stimulated the NRA's lurking fear of local police, and Orth sat down with staff members of Dodd's subcommittee to urge additional changes.

The staff and Dodd listened, and Dodd, realizing it would be impossible, in any case, for the federal government to force local police to do anything, agreed to eliminate the requirement of police authentication. Instead, the new bill required only that the dealer notify police of the sale and send them a copy of the purchaser's affidavit.

Orth, testifying before the Senate Commerce Committee, repeated his

The Guns of California

Attorney General Stanley Mosk of California, a state beset today by the paranoid patriotism of such private army groups as the Minutemen and the Rangers, has taken his worries directly to Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. On May 21, he wrote the Secretary to complain that a request from his office for information as to the quantity of free ammunition and arms distributed to California in 1963 had never been answered by Lt. Col. C. F. Shaffer of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice. Col. E. F. (Tod) Sloan, Western representative for the National Rifle Association, promptly branded Mosk's action a "witch hunt."

Attorney General Mosk has established that the Minutemen have units within the California National Guard and that they recruit members from cells of the John Birch Society and from the more extreme Young Republican groups. In his letter to Secretary McNamara, Mosk observed: "These extremists concern us because we fear that if such unstable characters continue to play with guns and bombs, they may eventually disrupt the peace and security of our communities. It is disturbing to consider that the U.S. Army may aid such violence through its distribution of free ammunition."

The Attorney General defined his position recently as follows: "We in no way intend to affect legitimate rifle clubs, outdoor organizations, or fraternal and patriotic drill teams. But we can no longer allow fanatics in our state to nurture their illusions by building private armies and menacing the safety of the people of California and America."

The Rangers and the Minutemen justify their para-military activities on the ground that the United States faces, any day now, a Communist attack upon its shores. This terror of invasion may seem extreme to rational men, but it is a nightmare not exclusive to the private militias. Speaking in 1961 before a Congressional committee on behalf of the annual appropriation for the National Board, Franklin Orth, executive vice president of the NRA, declared: "I submit that with Castro's Communist Cuba as a stepping stone and a base of operations into the United States furnishing a haven for untold thousands of Communists, that every American, young and old, male and female, should be able to shoot."

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organization's usual arguments in explaining why it asked Dodd to eliminate police authentication: "Our experience indicates that some law-enforcement officers view the possession of firearms by private citizens with a jaundiced eye." Orth did not oppose the latest version of the Dodd bill, but stressed that the NRA felt lawmakers would be wiser to pass laws that stiffened the punishment for armed violence rather than laws that the NRA believes are aimed in vain at preventing such violence. A host of other NRA officials and members testified along similar lines, and the bill became stuck in committee, where it remains.

The toned-down Dodd bill is now among the weakest pending in Congress. The National Rifle Association has devoted more attention to it than to the others because it seems to have the best chance, though a slim one, of passing. Actually the Dodd bill, if passed, would be no more than a meager first step. And even the other bills would do little to tear guns out of American life. They all pale next to the suggestion offered by E. U. Condon soon after the assassination.

Condon, a professor of physics at the University of Colorado and former director of the National Bureau of Standards, sent his proposal to Attorney General Kennedy and every state governor. "We should adopt and fully enforce legislation making the unlicensed private possession of firearms a felony," he said. Under his plan,

> *every privately owned firearm would not only be registered with the police, but also would normally be left in police custody. The private owner would only be allowed to borrow his weapon for short periods after filing with the police an application stating where and for what purpose he plans to use it. When the private owner has such authorized possession of his weapon, he would be required to wear distinctive clothing (such as red caps hunters wear) as a warning to others and as a reminder to himself of the special responsibility for public safety he has assumed. It would be a felony to be in possession of firearms except under these conditions.*

Such a proposal to put the lethal gun in its place is possibly unconstitutional; more important, it is certainly unthinkable. It is unthinkable in a society where 30 million civilians, encouraged by the Army, own 50 million guns. It is unthinkable in a society that reacts to the shock of assassination with a run on Italian Carcano rifles for souvenirs. It is unthinkable in a society that allows Rep. Robert L. F. Sikes (D., Fla.), fined in Alabama last April for violating hunting laws, to persuade Congress to add a rider to the Arms Control Act, stating that "nothing . . . in this act shall be construed to . . . restrict or prohibit the acquisition, possession, or use of firearms by an individual for . . . personal defense, sport, recreation, education, or training." It is unthinkable in a society that does not laugh at Sikes, a member of the Appropriations subcommittee that provides the funds for the Army's civilian marksmanship program, when he warns his colleagues that "Great Britain, after Dunkirk, had only a few thousand small arms available in the entire country, and was requesting the people to contribute swords and crossbows for defense. This was the dilemma they faced because they did not have an armed civilian population to fall back on. Britain had tight gun laws." It is unthinkable in a society that produces a Byron De La Beckwith who testified at his first trial, "I've been collecting firearms all my life. . . . My interest runs to every phase of firearms. . . . Anything that shoots I like. . . . I trade guns the way you might trade dogs or stamps," and who whiled away his time in jail by writing to the National Rifle Association: "For the next 15 years we here in Mississippi are going to have to do a lot of shooting to protect our wives and children from bad niggers."

This is the very atmosphere that the Army and the NRA create, despite all their talk about defense and good healthy sport. There will be no receptivity to meaningful gun legislation until this atmosphere changes. "We need to evaluate and improve the tone and the atmosphere in which our people live," said Rep. George H. Mahon (D., Tex.) at a recent hearing that discussed the gun problem, "and we need to create greater respect for law and a greater respect for human life. We just need to do a better job at being the kind of Americans we ought to be." Mahon seemed more concerned with moral change than legislative change, perhaps realizing that legislation, despite the shock of the assassination, will not be easy. It will be resisted every step of the way by the National Rifle Association and the sporting gun industry, and indirectly by the Army and Congress.

Kennedy the Catholic . . . . . Thomas J. Fleming

Already the many facets of John F. Kennedy's magnetic personality, the achievements and failures of his administration, are being organized into history. Certainly one of the most interesting aspects of his life is the impact which this first Catholic President has had, and will continue to have, on his fellow American Catholics.

Even while he was alive, there were tentative explorations of this large question. One writer suggested that the St. Patrick's Day parade, that hoary symbol of Irish Catholic clannishness, was now absurd with a man so conspicuously Gaelic in the White House. I myself wondered on a radio program if the parochial school, focal point of ghetto mentality in Catholicism, was not obsolete, now that John F. Kennedy had proved the ghetto no longer need exist.

However, comparatively little of this speculation took place among Catholics. On the contrary, the Catholics, and particularly the Catholic intellectuals, were most cautious in their assessment of Kennedy while he lived. Though most were fond of him, they were pre-

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Thomas J. Fleming has written two novels of Irish American life, All Good Men *and* The God of Love *(both Doubleday) and two books on the American Revolution,* Now We Are Enemies *and* Beat the Last Drum *(both St Martins Press).*

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pared to "wait and see." This uneasiness is understandable. Kennedy was not a typical Catholic. He had never been inside a Catholic school. Instead of writing *God and Man at Harvard* and retiring to a moneybagged cul-de-sac, he was an ardent admirer of his secular alma mater, as he demonstrated again and again in his appointments.

Now that he has died a martyr, a shift in the Catholic attitude toward Kennedy is becoming discernible. Indeed, the tremendous outpouring of personal emotion from so many millions of all creeds has made such a shift inevitable. First attempts are now being made to identify what is uniquely "Catholic" about his philosophy and style.

It is a sterile and futile pursuit because, in his public life, there was nothing uniquely Catholic about John F. Kennedy. And that is one reason why his impact on his fellow Catholics, especially the present college generation, is certain to be historic. The second, perhaps greater, reason is the insight John F. Kennedy gave his fellow Catholics into the dimensions of American freedom.

One must experience the whole process of Catholic education, from grammar school through college, to appreciate fully what a profound blow Kennedy's achievement is to certain long-standing Catholic assumptions. He has undermined the entire effort to create the illusion that there is a "Catholic" way of thinking about *everything* — not merely religion. The complex apparatus of scholastic philosophy, with which every hapless Catholic college student must wrestle, was totally foreign to Kennedy's mind. Yet he was a creative, even a brilliant, political thinker. The moralism and pietism which drenches so much of the Catholic press was utterly repugnant to him. Yet he boldly met the greatest moral issue of our time —the segregation crisis.

Without preaching, simply by acting, Kennedy communicated the dignity, even the grandeur, of a secular career to Catholics too often taught that the world is primarily a place where temptations occur and evil is an ingredient of life. Young Catholics are constantly told that a religious vocation is somehow better, more challenging and ennobling, than a career in the world. What young man or woman, looking at John F. Kennedy's life, can hereafter believe this? Young Catholics are constantly warned to suspect American society, to approach it warily. They must, of course, wrest a living from it, but to embrace its "philosophy" is dangerous. But Kennedy brilliantly illuminated American ideals to which men of every faith can rally.

Disregarding all the conventional Catholic warnings, Kennedy entered into the very heart of American life —and thrived. He went to secular schools but did not lose his faith, he charged into political battle, but did not forget his goals. He chose his advisers not on the basis of their faith but on their character and competence. In fact, he all but surrounded himself with non-Catholics and worked with them happily and well. In these ways he demonstrated the power and resourcefulness of personal freedom.

Schooled in a philosophy of obedience, most Catholics will continue to find freedom an unnerving experience. The shadow culture of the ghetto, of the Catholic Boy Scouts and the Catholic college, will probably persist for years to come. But John F. Kennedy showed his fellow communicants the way to full and free participation in American life, and the path he broke will not be lost. From now on, more and more young Catholics will find the courage to enter wholly and without apology into the mainstream of American society.

Germany's New Historians . . . . . Golo Mann

When anyone points out to General de Gaulle that the French nationalism he revived may have dangerous side effects on German politics, he is apt to reply with his characteristic self-confidence: "Germany has changed."

Is it true?

Up to a point it is, although that alone would not guarantee Germany's reasonable conduct for all time. Even under Bismarck and Wilhelm II, German society "changed": it expanded, became industrialized and hierarchically loosened up, but these changes did not invariably produce salutary effects on German politics, either domestic or foreign. Politics and sociology are interconnected but not synonymous. As someone with a wish and a hope, I would subscribe to de Gaulle's optimism; as a mere observer assessing various possibilities, and as someone whom the past has taught to be afraid, I would not.

The most tangible and gratifying changes are found in German historiography and in historical research, in teaching history and in historic political commentary. Not for 100 years have German historians been so objective, so devoted to the quest for unqualified truth, as they are today.

This is particularly apparent to someone like myself who studied in Germany during the late twenties and early thirties. The vast majority of my teachers still belonged to the national-liberal school. In this context, "liberal" must not be interpreted in its international sense, but in the sense given it by the national-liberals who became reconciled with Bismarck, and later by their successors, the "German Nationalists" of the Weimar Republic. Of course this school offered as many varieties as it had exponents, and cannot be discussed here. But these dynamic professors and political commentators all shared certain characteristics which, briefly, were the following:

All of them idolized the state, whose birth and growth basically coincided with those of their own science: their "historicity" was largely formed by the nascent principle of *Staatsraison* (supremacy of the state over the individual), and then by the nation state. They all believed in the primacy of foreign policy, in a strong leadership at the head of a firmly anchored hierarchy

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of "property and education" which alone could win the struggle for a national identity; at the same time, they were skeptical of such concepts as "democracy" and "the masses." All identified themselves with a vigorous community which had grown steadily for three-quarters of a century and promised to do even better in the future. In the First World War, all had advocated far-reaching territorial acquisitions at the expense of other peoples. All of them were scholars and prophets in one; their teachings and writings, no matter how vast their technical knowledge, were in the last analysis inspired by the will, first, to help Bismarck found the German nation state and, second, to develop it beyond the limits set by its founder to imperialistic fulfillment. The attention of all of them centered on Europe. In my youth, a seminar on the history of the United States was a rarity; Asia was left to the experts on India and China. All of them tended to believe that a special law, separate from bourgeois morality, governed the political sphere; to believe in the creative strength of power, in the truth of success.

The end of the First World War should have shaken the surviving spokesmen of this school. The German state whose mission they had served was a lost cause. Success had become irrational, or else it cast doubt in retrospect on all German history since 1848. But only very few changed. Most of them went on supporting the old thesis; they felt merely that what had happened had no inherent truth and therefore, so they hoped, would not last.

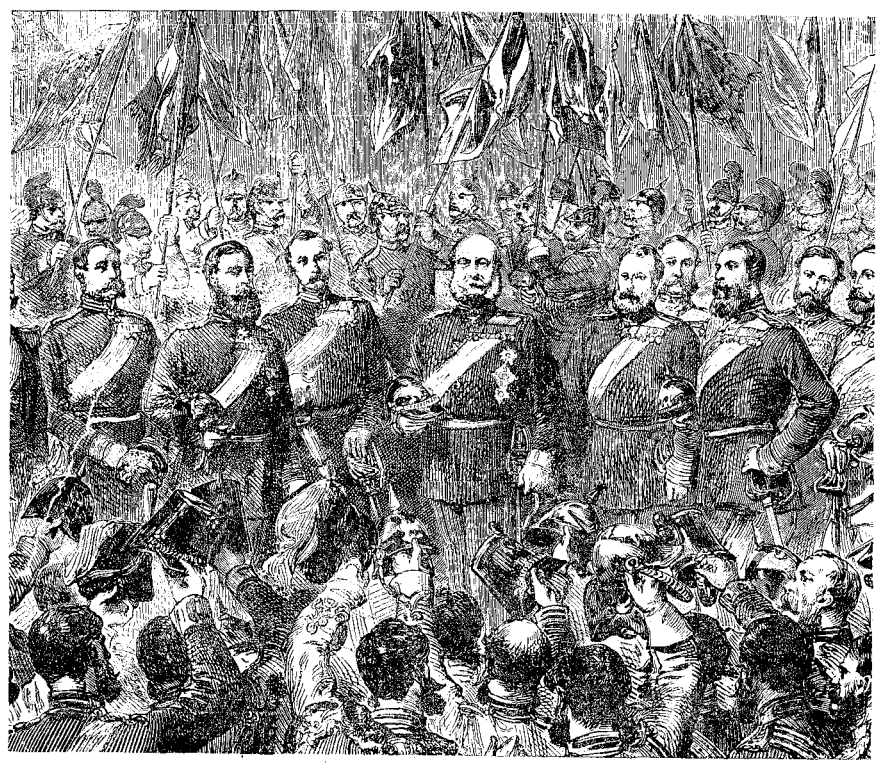
Furthermore, the outcome of the war produced ambiguities. The historians welcomed the dissolution of the Hapsburg monarchy, but rejected the creation of the successor states, especially Czechoslovakia and Poland. They approved the centralization of the German state under a democratic constitution, but they could not quite reconcile the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns and the active political role of the Social Democrats with their basic concept. The attitude of the national-liberal historians toward the new republic was compounded of half-loyalty and arrogant distrust; they accepted the *fait accompli*, but were equally ready to recognize its decline and dissolution, and they felt that every defeat of the League of Nations confirmed their own ideology. Thus German historiography of the twenties paved the intellectual way for Hitler's National Socialism, although it dissociated itself from the man himself as being too democratic, too wild, too vulgar.

Anyone studying history in Germany today will find a very different situation.

The followers of the national-liberal school are for the most part either retired or dead; those few still active prefer to turn to a remote and harmless past, leaving their own past alone. There are laudable exceptions: scholars who, though scarcely belonging to this school, nevertheless were and still are definitely conservative, but who have proved themselves sufficiently self-critical to reassess their earlier judgments.

Among them is Gerhard Ritter, whose volumes on "Statecraft and Militarism" are a thorough and brilliant investigation of German militarism before 1914, filled with merciless criticism. Among them is Hans Rothfels, whose admiration for Bismarck and sympathy for the old Prussia have not prevented him from turning into a serious critic of the traditional nation state. He was the founder of the Institute for Contemporary History in Munich which will be discussed below. Among them is Kurt von Raumer, author of a history on permanent peace which devotes an excellent chapter to William Penn. And others among the older men have shown a willingness and ability to change that was nearly absent after 1918.

German historians today are not prophets. They do not feel carried along by a strong and happy current; they do not know where that might take them, and they are not themselves movers, except in the sense that authenticity and truth always create motion. Consequently, they are no longer in close contact with public opinion. The historians of Bismarck's era—Droysen, Sybel and Treitschke—and of the Kaiser's time—men like Delbrueck, Harnack, Oncken and Meinecke—were the political and moral spokesmen of their generations; no other science expressed the bond between monarchy and national bourgeoisie as eloquently as did history. In Germany today, no one science holds this commanding position, but if there were one, it would be physics rather than history. When philosophically minded physicists like Heisenberg, Schrödinger, Otto Hahn and Weizsäcker discuss topical questions, people listen to them as they once did to the historians. The historians' activities still crop up in the press or on television, but they no longer arouse the



The King of Prussia Proclaimed German Emperor, Palace of Versailles: 1871.

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interest that "property and culture" used to bestow on them.

History has ceased to mold public opinion. It has again become a specialized discipline, and its effects are limited to the libraries and universities, to scientific journals and scholarly congresses. This sober specialization is no accident. The subject matter no longer yields what it used to; former glory no longer shapes the identity of society. Those concerned about the future are practical: how many apartments, schools, new highways, etc., will be needed in ten years? This is precisely something about which Frederick the Great had nothing to say.

Immediately after 1945, certain historians tried to meet their public duty in reverse—not by praising but by accusing the past. Witness the ancient Friedrich Meinecke in *The German Catastrophe;* witness Georg Dehio in *Germany and International Politics.* But this breast-beating could not last. Now the tone is neither eulogistic nor condemning; it is objective. Leopold von Ranke's postulate, to say only "what actually happened," is being followed by German historians more meticulously now than it was by Ranke himself, to say nothing of his students.

Whenever there is cause for accusation, judgment is given without bathos and develops from the subject matter itself. A large part of the research works published by the Institute for Contemporary History in its quarterly journal and in monographs is in effect accusatory: the annotated autobiography of Rudolf Höss, boss of the Auschwitz concentration camp, or Martin Broszat's *National Socialist Policy in Poland, 1939-1945,* a ghastly documentary. These works are praised even by Polish critics, though unintentionally. They tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, regardless of effect. Nothing comparable existed in the twenties. In those days, German historians were not out to find the truth, but rather to mold their own truth. Germany could not be blamed for the war, because the whole system of Versailles rested on the "war guilt lie." In order to prove their prejudiced theory, they used every available means except out-and-out forgery. German historians have always regarded themselves above such tactics, but there were other ways of

Bismarck

arriving at the truth so militantly desired.

In contrast to this attitude with regard to Germany's responsibility for the First World War, serious German historians have never doubted their country's responsibility for the Second World War. It is only on the subject of Hitler's rise to power that opinions diverge, and "Versailles" is still mentioned as one of the main reasons.

It also makes me uneasy when I frequently hear coupled the names of Hitler and Roosevelt; these two men, a reputable young professor recently wrote, allowed the Russians to penetrate Europe — as if the crimes of the one man and the temporary illusions of the other were on the same moral level. Hitler's guilt no longer admits further subtleties of interpretation.

Inevitably a certain continuity was established between the Third Reich and previous epochs—the empire, World War I, Weimar—and

Hindenburg

former eras were drawn into the later catastrophe, or at least soiled by its muddied waters. The young German historians, born ten or twenty years after the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns, look back on the empire as an alien historical structure, and from a perspective that we of the older generation do not possess. But they also see the interconnections and precursors, the anti-Semitism of the 1890s, the brutal imperialism of the Pan-Germans, the class struggle waged largely by the right wing against the Social Democrats, the fantastic war aims of 1917. Even the work of such an important thinker as Max Weber has not escaped critical analysis from the pen of young Wolfgang Mommsen. Weber's ambivalence—the nationalist, the power politician, the "Caesar" in him—is described with some admiration in Mommsen's book, but this admiration is tempered by aloofness and ultimately rejected.

In 1962, the Hamburg historian Fritz Fischer published his remarkable work, *The Grasp for World Power.* Not only in Hitler's war but as early as Bethmann-Hollweg and Ludendorff, he says, Germany reached for "world power." The country consciously carried its claims of hegemony, and an almost limitless policy of annexation, from peace into the war which alone could achieve these aims; and it kept it up from the first day to the last with implacable consistency. Fischer's documents, largely known before but presented by him for the first time *in extenso,* eloquently support his theory. His book aroused passionate discussion: the difference between the Germany of 1914 and that of 1939—between the "gliding into war" of 1914 and the "violent unchaining" of World War II—is very important to our historians.

I feel myself that Fischer's position needs some corrections. By dismissing the war aims of the others, as well as their hardened, war-intoxicated mentality, and by letting Germany conduct an insane monologue with itself, he has seen the events too one-sidedly, too undialectically, although almost all of the thousand details he gathered may be right. Still, his book is a scientific achievement of national self-criticism; in the twenties, it would have been unthinkable as the product of an academic mind.

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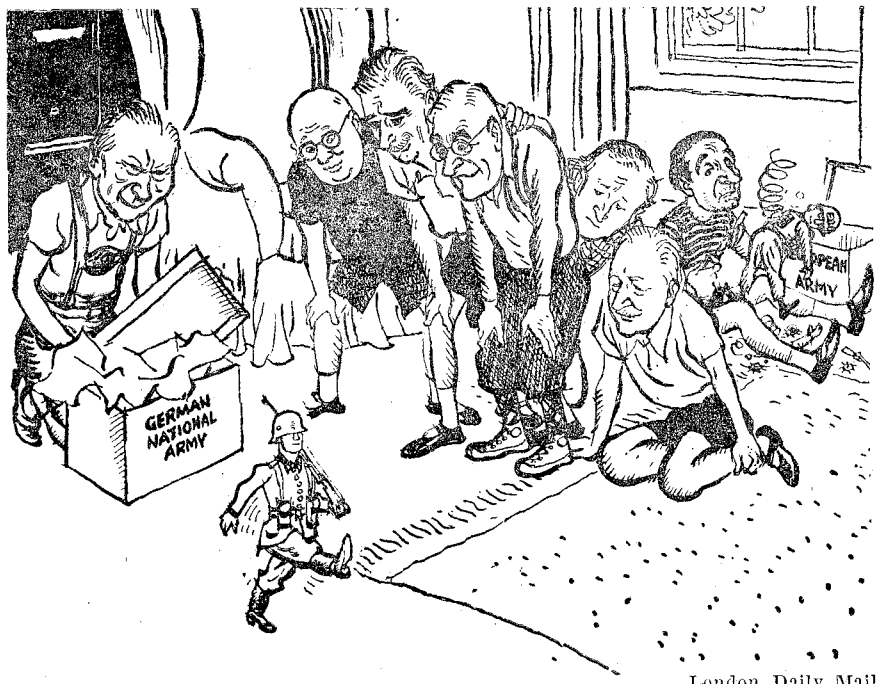
Bismarck, too, was for a while in danger of being toppled, mainly from the impact of three Bismarck volumes by Erich Eyck, a naturalized Englishman of German descent, who regards Bismarck as the amoral, despotic anti-European. But I believe that a truer, more subtle portrait of Bismarck is about to emerge. It will do greater justice to his very European traits, his Metternich features and to ideas of his that were not at all "nationalistic." Today, attempts are also being made to do justice to the state of Prussia, after years of burial under the legends of Allied war propaganda. But the historians dealing with this kingdom are no longer "Prussians" themselves, as were their teachers, or the teachers of their teachers. The Prussian identity, once so full of character and vitality, is seen as a closed chapter, hardly different from the Republic of Venice; it is viewed with impassivity, with interest but without enthusiasm. Of all the changes in German historical perspectives, that is among the most surprising. The only person who speaks of Prussia as if it still existed, or should exist again, is a French historian of rank—General Charles de Gaulle.

After the de-Prussification of German society and historiography there emerged a keener interest in the history of the other German *Länder*, their achievements and their smothered potentialities. Here, old Austria is coming into its own, as in the monumental biography of Prince Eugene of Savoy, recently published by Fritz Braubach.

The treatment of contemporary history shows the unmistakable stamp of American political science, now taught in several German universities. The accent is not so much on individual careers and personal accomplishments as on spheres of interests and ideologies, on the influence of economic groups, the attitude of voters in individual districts, the professions and religious denominations, all critically and statistically analyzed. The two works of Karl Dietrich Bracher *The Dissolution of the Weimar Republic* and *The National Socialist Rise to Power* exemplify the success of this method. There are no better studies on the subjects available in any language.

The history that comes closest to the old-style romanticism deals with the German resistance to Hitler, the "20th of July" uprising which, with all its tragic drama, undeniably lends itself to heroic treatment. However, the most important historians, such men as Ritter or Rothfels, always keep their sense of truth and proportion. If they glorify brave men, they do not glorify success, as their predecessors did—there was no success. Virtue and success, which German historiography was so fond of regarding as one, have broken up. From this cleavage Professor Ritter draws a lesson which is nothing less than optimistic, nothing less than Hegelian.



London Daily Mail

"The New Toy": by Illingworth

To summarize, modern German historians are less nationalist than their French, British, American and Russian colleagues. Their attention is no longer centered on Germany or on Europe alone. They no longer glorify power and historic processes as such—reality may be misleading. They see the continuity where it is, but they also see the past for what it was, namely as essentially different; it is precisely German history that has ceased to hold for them an uninterrupted and consistently inspiring logic and mission. They are silent about the future. Without falling into Marxist mumbo jumbo, they are willing to give society and economics their due, and to kings, statesmen and generals no more than they deserve. They deal with German guilt in our century with total integrity, without shrinking from facts or suppressing documents. All this seems to me worthy of some praise or, at least, of mention.

What does it mean for Germany as a whole? No doubt something, but I do not know how much.

These young historians have not dropped from heaven. They have come from somewhere, they have absorbed certain influences and rejected others. The older ones have their own experiences as, for instance, fighting Hitler's war. Hence it is a good sign that they are around. But there are other signs as well.

As I said earlier, the contact between historical science and public opinion is no longer as close as it used to be. And neither the large dailies nor the excellent political and historical programs on TV animate public opinion, which is inarticulate and indifferent. If there is any at all, it is dormant. And that being the case, there is the danger that someone may come along and wake it up.

Aside from academic history, there is in Germany today the so-called revisionism. The term comes from America, where revisionists held forth after both the First and Second World Wars — men like Barnes, Beard, Tonsil and others. The present subject matter also originated in the Anglo-Saxon countries, or else received warm support there. Two books in the English

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language which have been notably feeding German revisionism are A. J. P. Taylor's *The Origins of the Second World War*, and *The Enforced War* by the American, David L. Hoggan. Taylor, an expert in his own way, a brilliant sophist and formerly a professional German-hater, has amused himself, experimentally, by showing that no one wanted the Second World War, that it resulted from mutual misunderstanding and general confusion, and that it might easily have been avoided. Hoggan is far more earnest, foolish and extreme. A former assistant professor of history at San Francisco State College, he has been twice honored recently by West German rightist groups, who have invented prizes for the express purpose of bestowing them on him. One of these, the Leopold von Ranke prize ($2,500), was conferred on Hoggan at an obscure country restaurant; the other, the Ulrich von Ritter Prize ($1,250), was presented aboard a Necker River pleasure boat — both somewhat clandestine rendezvous having been selected to avoid the real possibility of dissenting disturbances.

The Enforced War is to be published in America by Devin-Adair in September under the title, *When Peaceful Revision Failed*. The book was brought out in Germany by an obscure firm, but it has many readers. In Hoggan's opinion, Hitler was a man of peace, a noble humanitarian and the victim of a vicious war conspiracy headed by Britain's foreign minister, Lord Halifax. The Munich Pact rested on a secret plan to force Hitler into war. Halifax's sinister handiwork is easily explained: was he not a nephew of Sir Edward Grey, the war criminal of 1914?

There is reason for concern as to how many "nephews" of Lord Halifax's will next pop up on the political scene. At their 1962 Congress, the German historians treated Hoggan's book with the mixture of amusement and contempt it deserves, but that does not prevent a growing number of high school teachers—no one knows how many—from deriving their wisdom from Hoggan's book and handing it down to their students. Can one blame these people? Schopenhauer said that intelligence is the handmaiden of the will. For a long time the will that rebelled against Germany's guilt and infamy could not find a suitable means to serve its intelligence. But if now "even a hostile foreigner," an American, so thoroughly proves Germany's innocence, why should not intelligence and will grasp at the chance?

I do not know how far this revisionism will go. Probably not as far as it did in the twenties. First of all, the facts are much clearer; second, the close ties between the revisionists and official German policy do not exist today. The Weimar Republic tried to revise the system of Versailles, and its historians followed suit with regard to the Allies' historical judgment. Adenauer's policy, however, was not revisionist in this sense; it recognized Germany's guilt and drew the consequences by renouncing power politics and accepting European integration. In its own fashion, academic study supported these aspirations. Hence revisionism is something that takes place away from official politics and official learning. It flourishes at *Stammtisch* (regular tavern table) get-togethers, in school classrooms and family kitchens, in meetings of certain political groups, and it uses arguments that contain a grain of truth. "Not everything was bad under Hitler." Of course not; where is the regime that is *all* bad? "The others are just as guilty, they have committed just the same crimes." Not the same, if we compare quantity and quality; but no one would describe the Poles and Russians of 1939 as angels, and there is no such thing as complete innocence.

It is not certain that Adenauer's policy was Germany's last word; it is not certain that contemporary German history will have the last word. Inarticulate but powerful forces are agitating against it. That is where objective evaluation stops and subjective will begins. This writer *wants* his colleagues to continue on their present path; he tries to make his own tiny contributions and, without being sure of what the next day will bring, he enjoys all the dignified, intelligent work and the fruits of it that he can see right now.

Southern Justice

Lawyers Walk in Fear

William M. Kunstler and Arthur Kinoy

It is now fully settled, thanks to the steady insistence of the Supreme Court, that a defendant in a criminal case is entitled to a lawyer at every stage of the prosecution against him. (See "Banner of Gideon" by Robert G. Sherrill, *The Nation*, April 13.) Yet today, despite the guarantees implicit in the Sixth and Fourteenth Amendments, the right to counsel has become dangerously precarious in an area that crucially tests our democratic institutions—the case with racial overtones. Daily in hundreds of Southern courtrooms black and white defendants are denied their constitutional guarantee of adequate legal assistance, solely because the charges against them have racial backgrounds. By a combination of social, economic and other pressures on individual lawyers and on their clients, by abdication on the part of the bar of its professional responsibilities and by outright obstructionism, hundreds of American communities have managed to nullify one of the highest attributes of a free society — a man's right to independent and fearless counsel in criminal cases.

In the Deep South, the few white attorneys who have dared to participate in such cases have been all but destroyed. In Maryville, Tenn., for example, Edward Lynch, a well-

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established lawyer who has lived in rural Blount County all his life, defended an interracial integrationist group whose members had been charged with a variety of petty crimes. The result: the almost total destruction of Lynch's once-flourishing practice.

In Jackson, Miss., William L. Higgs, a young Harvard-trained attorney whose great-great-grandfather signed the articles of secession that took his state out of the Union in 1860, suffered an even worse fate. Higgs, the lawyer for some dozen Episcopalian ministers who had participated in the 1961 Freedom Rides, was driven out of the state and disbarred on a trumped-up morals charge.

Bruce Waltzer and Benjamin E. Smith, New Orleans law partners, have long been active in defending integrationists in the Louisiana courts. In addition, Smith is counsel for the Louisiana Civil Liberties Union, an affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union, and secretary of the National Lawyers Guild's Committee to Aid Southern Lawyers. Both men have just been indicted under Louisiana's "little McCarran Act" for failing to register as members of the Guild and of the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), organizations alleged by the Louisiana authorities to be "Communist fronts." These indictments were returned immediately after the strong segregationist victory in the recent Louisiana primaries, and despite a previous ruling by a New Orleans judge that there wasn't a shred of evidence to support any charge against the lawyers and the officials of SCEF. The raid on Smith and Waltzer's law offices, their arrests and the seizure of their law files, took place while they were attending the first integrated lawyers conference ever held in New Orleans.

Clifford Durr, a former member of the Federal Communications Commission, speaking of his own experiences in racial cases in Montgomery, Ala., says: "Certainly in the present climate of opinion a white Southern lawyer cannot handle cases of this kind without serious consequences to his law practice and, for that matter, his social position as well." Durr should know—his automobile was burned by racists during the Freedom Rider riots in May of 1961.

The Negro attorney fares little better. R. Jess Brown, the Jackson lawyer who was local counsel to James Meredith during the latter's successful attempt to enter the University of Mississippi, has been subjected to continuous harassment in his home state. A recent charge of representing a client in a school desegregation case without being formally retained was proved to be completely unfounded. Yet Brown is in grave danger of being forced to pay court costs of several hundred dollars because, as the judge put it, he should have proved his innocence before the accusation was made.

New York Public Library

Three Southern Courthouses

A Virginia law firm which consistently accepted racial cases was under constant and annoying surveillance by various state investigative agencies. The firm had to get a federal court order to prevent its records from falling into the hands of one of these committees. But long before this ruling it had closed its doors. Even the most devoted clients will not risk public disclosure of their private transactions.

One member of this firm, Len W. Holt, has recently been indicted under Virginia's so-called "John Brown Statute," named after its most celebrated victim, which makes it a felony punishable by long imprisonment to "incite the colored race to acts of violence and war against the white race." Holt's real crime was representing demonstrators in Danville during the long summer of 1963.

Local Southern judges, both state and federal, have joined the assault in force. Two Negro lawyers in Atlanta, Ga., who have long been active in racial litigation, have been cited to show cause why they should not be adjudged in contempt of court for attempting to disqualify a local judge for prejudice. In Miami, Tobias Simon, a white attorney who was responsible for the first ruling by the Supreme Court sustaining the right of Freedom Riders (and everyone else) to unsegregated travel, was arrested for contempt of court on the completely unfounded charge that he had failed to appear on behalf of a young girl arrested in a civil rights demonstration. To his great credit, Fuller Warren, a former Governor of Florida, represented Simon at his trial and the charge was dismissed.

Nor has the judiciary confined itself to the direct persecution of local attorneys. In some instances it has attempted to cut off the supply of nonresident counsel. In August, 1961, for example, a Hinds County judge in Jackson who had been selected to try the more than 300 Free-

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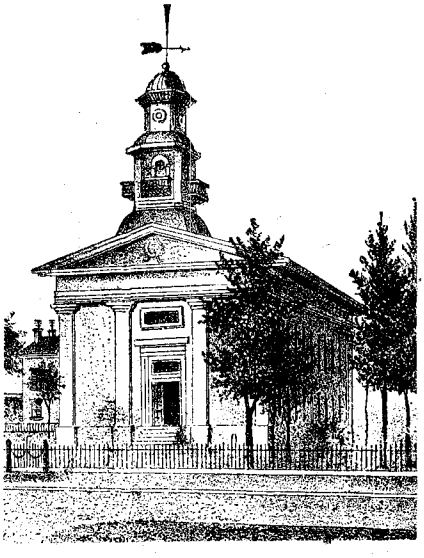

dom Rider cases in that city, refused to permit more than four out-of-state attorneys to represent the defendants. He was taking this tack, he explained, because a local bar association had complained to him that there was something wrong in permitting "foreigners" to invade his court. As a result, hundreds of Riders were forced to enter *nolo contendere* pleas when their cases were called for trial.

Last summer, a Corporation Court judge in Danville, Va., refused to let out-of-state attorneys practice before him unless they produced their certificates of admission to the bar. When Ann Cooper, a Boston lawyer, complied with this unusual request, the judge ordered her to prove to his satisfaction that her home state permitted Virginia lawyers to practice in its courts. It was three days before Miss Cooper could represent Negro demonstrators in the Corporation Court.

This same judge permitted the police to search all Negro defense counsel who appeared before him and to photograph all out-of-state attorneys who assisted at the trials as they entered or left the courtroom. In addition, he refused to discourage constant impoliteness by both the prosecution and its witnesses toward Negro attorneys, even threatening to jail a New York lawyer who protested one such incident. The judge also conducted frequent and completely unnecessary roll calls of all defendants and their attorneys, forcing the latter to waste what little time they had left for their private practices.

In Jackson, the federal judges have been vigorously enforcing a local court rule that makes it mandatory for a resident counsel to sign all filed papers — a requirement that apparently conflicts with the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure. Since only three Negro attorneys are available in the entire state, it often happens that they are representing clients many miles from the state capital. This makes it impossible for out-of-state attorneys who are allied with them in civil rights cases to file immediate motions in Jackson and, in effect, denies defendants the right to counsel at crucial stages in their cases.

Two months ago the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit was required to resort to the extraordinary writ of mandamus to admonish a federal district court in Mississippi that it may not "close its doors" to litigants represented by out-of-state lawyers when local counsel is unavailable.

In North Carolina, recently, a Negro leader of the integration movement was sent to jail for six months without legal representation because a local state judge refused to allow an out-of-state attorney who was present in the courtroom to represent him.

Onslaughts have also been physical. In Albany, Ga., C. B. King, a Negro attorney who represents the protest movement in that beleaguered city, was brutally caned by a county sheriff when he attempted to consult with some of his imprisoned clients during the hectic summer of 1962. Recently, acid was poured on the front seat of King's car while the lawyer was visiting jailed demonstrators in nearby Americus. Jack Young, an NAACP attorney in Jackson, emerged from court one day during the Freedom Rider trials in 1961 to find the initials "K.K.K." scratched into the windshield of his car.

The home of Arthur D. Shores, a prominent Birmingham Negro attorney who represented Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., during last spring's demonstrations, has twice been severely bombed. So many threats have been made against the lives of all the Negro lawyers who have been defending racial demonstrators in Birmingham that voluntary guards are now stationed at night around their residences.

On the economic front, too, the harassment has been particularly vicious. If the lawyer is white, his clients begin to drift away at once. Charles Morgan, Jr., who describes his experiences in his new book, *A Time to Speak*, says: "It happens almost overnight. Old clients explain that they would like to remain with you but that they would be ruined if they did. More recent ones don't even bother to explain. They just never call you again." In Jackson, Bill Higgs's practice was quickly reduced to drafting wills and deeds when word got around that he was representing "mixers."

Ostracism begins at once. The white lawyer is often forced out of his local bar association, thus being deprived, in many instances, of the indispensable adjunct of any law practice — an adequate library. His credit standing mysteriously collapses at the same time that he finds his lease has been inexplicably canceled. Suddenly, such routine matters as filing papers in court become time-consuming ordeals as once-cooperative clerks throw every procedural obstacle in his path.

All at once, juries begin to bring in wholly inadequate verdicts in his nonracial civil cases. In one such case, Charles E. Conley, an Alabama Negro attorney who had successfully challenged the systematic exclusion of Negroes from criminal juries in that state, brought suit to recover damages for serious injuries suffered by him in an automobile collision. Despite the facts that the man who caused the accident was clearly responsible and that Conley's medical and hospital expenses amounted to substantially more than $1,000, the jury awarded him $75. Small wonder that clients begin to ask themselves whether they can afford their loyalty to the civil rights lawyer.

It is only a matter of time before the white lawyer is asked to leave his church and his clubs. Lifelong friends now find it inexpedient to visit him. His wife is taunted on the streets; his children are terrorized in school. Brutal and often obscene telephone calls take place regularly, night and day, and threatening letters arrive in every mail. "All at once," says Ed Lynch, "my home town became an intolerable place for me and my family. I still find it hard to believe that living up to my duty as a member of the bar could bring me so much misery."

The morning after Charles Morgan had indicted his fellow citizens for the bomb-slaying of four Negro

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girls in a Birmingham church, he received a telephone call. "Is the mortician there yet?" asked a voice. "I don't know any morticians," Morgan replied. "Well, you will," the voice said, "when the bodies are all over your front yard." Three months later, Morgan was forced to move his family out of the state.

While the Negro civil rights lawyer may become a hero to the protest movement, he soon finds that his general practice begins to suffer markedly. Not only do many of his more substantial clients desert him for someone less obnoxious to the white power structure, but the demands of civil rights litigation make it impossible for him to cultivate new ones. Ruth Harvey, one of several Negro lawyers representing demonstrators in Danville, complained recently that it had become almost impossible to keep up with her regular practice.

Last June, President Kennedy summoned several hundred American lawyers to a White House conference to discuss the bar's role in putting an end to racial tensions. The result was a committee whose avowed purpose is "to try to ease racial tensions and provide national and local leadership." A few weeks later, the American Bar Association formed a similar committee.

But these well-intentioned committees are not the answer to the failure of Southern lawyers to live up to the Canons of Professional Ethics to which all members of the bar subscribe. "No fear of judicial disfavor or public unpopularity," Canon 15 declares, "should restrain him [the lawyer] from the full discharge of his duty." Such fears, and they are real, tend to strip Canon 15 of all substance below the Mason-Dixon line.

In 1953, the American Bar Association, hoping to stiffen the spines of lawyers who are asked to defend unpopular clients, passed the following resolution: "The American Bar Association reaffirms the principles that the rights of defendants to the benefit of assistance of counsel and the duty of the bar to provide such aid even to the most unpopular defendants involves public acceptance of the correlative right of a lawyer to represent and defend, in accordance with the standards of the legal profession, any client without being penalized by having imputed to him his client's reputation, views or character."

In recommending the adoption of this resolution the Association's Special Committee on Individual Rights As Affected by National Security stated:

> *Counsel of outstanding reputations, well known for their anti-Communist views, in several recent cases involving Communists or persons accused of being Communists, which they took out of a sense of public duty, have been subjected to severe personal vilification and abuse. Many persons showed by their changed attitude toward these lawyers that they assumed that such representation meant that the lawyer is to be regarded as sharing the views of the client. Leading counsel, acting by court assignment, at great personal sacrifice, representing a Nazi during the war was spat at in the courtroom. A leading lawyer has been attacked editorially for undertaking to represent an alleged racketeer in a trial involving grave constitutional questions. Important legal business has been taken elsewhere rather than going to reputable counsel who were preferred but who had represented defendants accused of being Communists. These episodes could no doubt be multiplied. Their existence is a serious cloud on the proper discharge of the lawyer's duty; the bar must throw its weight against such things. We are hopeful that the resolutions we propose may be a beginning in a reversal of these bad trends.*

The only Southern white lawyers who are able to escape community retaliation when they appear in cases involving racial issues are those who do not raise the very constitutional defenses that may make ultimate victory for their clients possible. According to Canon 15, every client "is entitled to the benefit of any and every remedy and defense that is authorized by the law of the land." The United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit (which includes such Deep South states as Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana) recently found it necessary to hold that defendants in racial cases do not waive their constitutional defenses merely because their local white attorneys neglected or refused to raise them at the trial.

In its opinion, the court pointed out that, as judges who supervised the administration of justice in the states of the Deep South, they were required to take notice of the fact that intense community pressures deter local white lawyers from raising constitutional defenses in state courts. The *Montgomery* (Ala.) *Advertiser-Journal*, commenting on the decision, observed candidly that "white lawyers in the South, because of social and economic pressures," simply do not raise "controversial" constitutional questions in cases with "racial overtones."

Despite President Kennedy's urgent appeal, very few state and city bar associations have bestirred themselves on this issue, and those that do express some concern have, with few exceptions, taken no action to improve matters. It is lamentable that, of all people, lawyers should remain silent on an issue that is so corrosive of the very principles upon which their profession is grounded.

The unfortunate vacuum created by the failure of local counsel to respond to the appeal of Canon 15, has been only partially filled by the journeyman lawyers whose motto well might be "Have writ, will travel." Ever since Samuel I. Leibowitz traveled south to defend the Scottsboro boys some thirty years ago, Northern-based lawyers have made regular appearances in Dixie courtrooms. Whether they are independent practitioners or the indefatigable members of the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, they are keeping alive the illustrious traditions that motivated Andrew Hamilton in 1734 to journey from Philadelphia to New York to take up the cudgels for John Peter Zenger when the printer's local attorneys had been disbarred by an autocratic and corrupt provincial governor.

The availability of such lawyers, no matter how devoted their ef-

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forts, cannot disguise the fact that even a reasonable approximation of equal justice under law is impossible under these conditions. It is the duty of the bar, both nationally and on the local level, to reaffirm its own tradition that no person shall ever be denied adequate counsel. But that solution — simple as it is — cannot be attained under present circumstances.

Until the bar recognizes its responsibilities, the stopgap solution must continue to be found in the development of procedures to enable out-of-state counsel to offer their services in the defense of constitutional rights. In the nineteenth century, judges, because of their scarcity, were forced to travel from town to town in order to make justice readily available. In this era the circuit riders are on the opposite side of the bar.

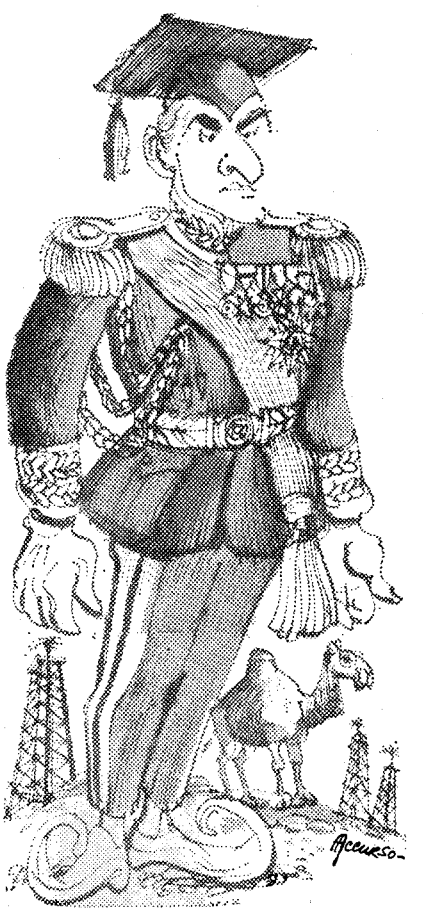
The Degree Circus

Season of Kudos . . . . . Wade Thompson

Of all the terrible problems that bedevil the souls of college and university administrators, there is probably none so baleful as that of honorary degrees. Now that the season of *honoris causa* is upon us, it behooves us all to see this problem steadily and see it whole. And if, by chance, anyone is so foolish as to think this is *not* a problem, he has only to remind himself that very soon millions of highly educated people all over America will sit through the long and solemn ceremonies requisite for the granting of said degrees. The national expenditure of man-hours alone should warrant everyone's concern, and the moral issues involved should keep us in deep thought for months to come.

All experts and authorities on the subject agree that there are four reasons for the granting of honorary degrees, and all agree that the first reason alone is truly innocuous: pedagogues simply love to honor one another. Pedagogue A confers honor upon Pedagogue B, and the next year the conferring party of the first part becomes the conferred-upon party of the second part and so on. Why the need for this mutual admiration, I don't know; perhaps pedagogues feel insufficiently honored by the community at large. At any rate this kind of honorary-degree giving is harmless: it costs nothing except the patience of the spectators.

With reason number two, we begin to trifle with virtue. Honorary degrees are granted, on occasion, not in recognition of honorable achievement but to get money. And this involves terrible hypocrisy. Each year thousands of men and women, who patently have nothing estimable about them except their money, are hauled onto the commencement platform to have their achievements blared to all the world. The proceedings are embarrassing, to say the least. Flinthearted bankers become honorable Doctors of Religion, and real estate chiselers become Doctors of Humane Letters. Not long ago a certain Manhattan restaurateur became a Doctor of Laws, no less (thanks to the University of Idaho), for "promoting better health with his genuine Idaho baked potatoes." Ludicrous as it may seem, this form of arm-twisting is remarkably effective, because most people — even if they see through the ruse — are too polite to refuse to be honored. What, for example, was that poor restaurateur supposed to do? Should he have written a letter of rejection: ("Dear Sirs: Never having seen you down here at my spud shop, I cannot help but suspect an ulterior motive. . . . I therefore decline. . . .")? Nay, that he could not bring himself to do. Like anyone else, he cravenly consented to be robed in spurious learning, and probably made a healthy donation to the material well-being of the University of Idaho.



The third reason involves an even greater descent into infamy. Honorary degrees are granted to rack up prestige points. Once on the trail of kudos, even our most dignified educators behave like Washington hostesses hissing in their kitchens. Who can shine his light upon us? Who indeed: the President of the United States, the President of any country, James Reston, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, a steamship captain, any expert on sex, Marlon Brando or any friend thereof, any military strategist, General Chiang Kai-shek, a railroad tycoon, a railroad engineer, an ambassador to Africa, et al. Most educators would doubtless prefer to honor a man who genuinely deserves honor, but prestige and honor are too rarely one, and prestige (public relations) is the issue. Hence we have some mighty peculiar honorees. Recently an organized body of otherwise rational men summoned its courage and conferred all the honor at its command upon none other than Roy Rogers and Dale Evans (Dr. Rogers and Dr. Evans were specially commended for "receiving little children in Jesus' name"). I foresee the day

Wade Thompson is the author of Egghead's Guide to America (*Macmillan*).

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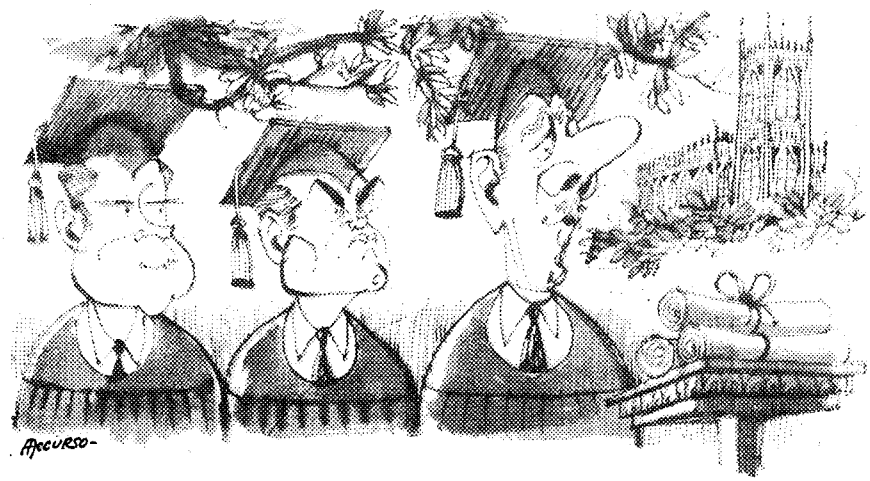
when yet another institution of higher learning will decide to confer its all upon Trigger.

With the fourth reason, we finally reach the cold and sunless depths. Honorary degrees are granted as an excuse to launch a political program, or to whitewash a political figure. And this is by far the most hair-raising aspect of the honorary tomfoolery. Since all politicians are controversial, and since a high proportion of them are either knaves or fools, our universities take fearful chances with them. Moreover, some politicians are very shrewd; they know they can use that innocuous-looking platform to transact powerful business. George Marshall launched his Marshall Plan from just such a platform. Winston Churchill rang the iron curtain down while getting himself honored at Fulton, Mo. And Konrad Adenauer wrought miracles of redemption on behalf of West Germany while standing on the platforms of Columbia, Harvard, Yale and Princeton.

Now these may be men of conspicuous honor, but certainly not all politicians are as noble. And universities are by no means immune to outside pressure. For example, it is persistently rumored that the Shah of Iran has developed a sudden craving for this bit of American respectability. If so, he no doubt phoned his dearest crony in the CIA. The two of them would then have picked out an American university from which the Shah could suitably radiate his desert glory. Thereafter they would locate a powerful regent of this university — an oil man, say — whose son hopes to go into the Iranian oil business. And at that point, the Shah's right to call himself "Doc" would be securely in the bag. (That, surely, is the way it would be done. I cannot believe that the regents would sit around scratching their heads, until finally one of them said: "By Jove, fellows, let's honor the Shah of Iran!" Nonsense, the initiative would come from the outside not the inside.)

Now it so happens that the Shah of Iran, even by *National Review* standards, is a most unsavory character. He is a compound of George Wallace, Malcolm X and Cleopatra's asp. But the Shah knows — and this is the rub — that absolutely anybody, even Bobby Baker, will enjoy royal treatment once he gets



onto the platform. The only trick is to get up there.

Well, what can be done about all this? Simple. We should reserve honorary degrees solely for those who have in fact done honorable *academic* work. As academicians, we don't expect the Restaurateurs of America to honor one of us. Let the cowboys honor the cowboys and the politicians honor the politicians. Let us keep our dignity, mind our business and quit asking for trouble.

Since I don't expect this excellent advice to be taken, I'll end this article with a few nominations of people who might have been overlooked in the forthcoming ceremonies. They might be funny if they were not so plausible:

RICHARD NIXON: *"You have won the confidence and love of all Americans. You have proved yourself beyond reproach in the handling of money. You have proved yourself brilliant in kitchen debates, and you are good to Pat and Checkers. Magnanimous in victory, dignified in defeat, you have given us all faith in man's ability to bounce back. If you can do it, anyone can do it. And now, at the very peak of your most honorable career, you are absolutely compelling us all to vote for you — because, if you lose again . . . oh my God!"*

RICHARD CARDINAL CUSHING: *"You have given us a lesson in innocence. When you first heard that the John Birch Society detested communism, you endorsed the society with childlike trust. Then when you heard that the John Birch Society thought that John F. Kennedy was a Communist, you immediately unendorsed it. Then when you heard that the John Birch Society* did not *truly think that Kennedy was a Communist, you rushed to re-endorse it. Jesus said that unless we regain the innocence of little children, we shall not be admitted to heaven. If you don't get to heaven, nobody will."*

GEORGE WALLACE: (I'll let James Farmer write this one.)

J. PAUL GETTY: *"You have exhumed the Horatio Alger myth. You have exhumed it, and embalmed it for us in the pages of* Playboy *magazine. Now at last, thanks to you, we know how to conduct our war on poverty. We shall simply do as you do — or at least say you do — and we shall all become millionaires. It's so simple we should have thought of it ourselves. But we didn't, and so we honor you this day for showing us the way."*

J. EDGAR HOOVER: *"Directly under your keen-scented nose, syndicated crime has grown from bootleg beer to a multibillion-dollar enterprise, and now loots the national till to the tune of perhaps $9 billion a year. Meanwhile you created out of a paltry nothingness the Internal Communist Menace and have made it so monstrous and grandiose that millions of Americans believe in its palpable existence. And now you have discovered communism in the civil rights movement. All this you have accomplished without the slightest murmurings of Congressional dissent. Houdini himself never wrought greater magic."*

CHARLES DE GAULLE: *"Ever-lovin' friend of the United States, leader of an integrated Europe, subservient servant of the one-world concept, we hail you!"*

And that, fellows, is the kind of thing we are coming to if we don't stop this nonsense.

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The Facts Are In

THE WASTED AMERICANS. By Edgar May. Harper & Row. 227 pp. $4.50.
RICH MAN, POOR MAN. By Herman P. Miller. Thomas Y. Crowell. 260 pp. $4.95.

Michael Harrington

In the socially sleepy fifties, two things happened. A militant civil rights movement appeared in the South. It concentrated on the most basic rights in citizenship, like public accommodations and the vote. But as its impact was felt in the Northern Negro ghettos, the movement's demands were inexorably given an economic element: freedom *and* jobs. At the same time, it became obvious that the chronic, high unemployment figures, though apportioned to Negroes in the traditional discriminatory fashion, were a national scandal.

In this context social criticism once again became possible (it is ironic that the American Negro has probably done more for whites, by shaming them into conscience, than for his own living conditions). The new concern was not without its ambiguities. There were and are many theorists and generals but, with the exception of the Negroes, few privates and lieutenants. And given the massive dimensions of the American problem as it was being newly defined, something more than an alerted, benign middle class and a militant minority were required.

Yet the dissemination of facts and theory, combined with public discussion, does represent a step forward, so long as the revolution in the public mind is not mistaken for a revolution in public action. It is unquestionably heartening to see the American Right disarrayed in this conflict, for there has yet to be a serious conservative counterattack, and even Barry Goldwater's adviser, Milton Friedman, has come up with a program to end poverty. In the House hearings on the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, all the Republican critics could do was look for a tangent to grab on to — Sargent Shriver will be a czar, the government will finance birth control or, for the opposite interest group, will finance parochial schools.

Two new books, *The Wasted Americans* by Edgar May and *Rich Man, Poor Man* by Herman P. Miller are significant contributions to the new consciousness and should further discomfort the AMA, the NAM and the Farm Bureau.

May's study is a first-rate, compassionate job of social reportage. The author went to work in January, 1960, as an open case worker for the Buffalo Welfare Department and a not-so-open staffer of the *Buffalo Evening News*. He was carried away by his own masquerade and, in addition to receiving a Pulitzer Prize, became a committed case worker. *The Wasted Americans* is the product of this six-month experience, plus considerable library work and interviewing on a national scale.

May's merit is that he sees his subject in much deeper depth than that of individual case work. There are at least 7.5 million citizens on welfare but they do not simply represent "case poverty"— the cruel luck of personal autobiography. They are, as May well realizes, expressive of a *chronically* high rate of unemployment which is due to racial discrimination and changes in the American technology.

The prevailing attitude toward these human beings is that they should be provided with custodial care for their misery. The inadequate budgets and impossible case loads of the social worker are the result of this philosophy. But then, as May points out, the poverty profiteers also take their cut: on Aid to Dependent Children cases, it is not uncommon to find the public authorities contributing $100-a-month rents to slumlords. Even more shocking is the fact that some millions of young people are entering the economy in the sixties, headed straight for lives of poverty. These are the "obsolete young" whom May describes, more than 7 million of them in this decade without high school diplomas, more than 2 million without even a grade school education.

In general, May's remedies are familiar ones, such as ending duplication and inefficiency of the various welfare agencies, putting sufficient funds into the various programs. On one count, that of birth control, he moves beyond existing premises to the "whispered solution" of making family-planning information available through welfare. Swift change in Catholic sentiment on this issue would make the whispering unnecessary and there are indications that such a reversal is possible.

The Wasted Americans, I think, is overly optimistic about vocational edution in two ways: in the conviction that the present bureaucracy can be reformed; in the failure to understand, as Senator Clark's subcommittee recently noted, that the raging "manpower revolution" will probably require a liberal education for the labor force, so that the worker will be able to change his skills during his working life in order to meet the demands of the automated economy.

Finally, I wish May had raised the philosophic issue of seeking to abolish welfare altogether, *not as a penny-pinching,* conservative scheme to save tax dollars, but as part of a progressive attempt to win American recognition of the *right* to an adequate income for all. In any case, these criticisms cannot obscure the main fact: Edgar May has written an excellent, shocking book.

Herman Miller's *Rich Man, Poor Man* offers a statistical orientation to the problem of poverty. Dr. Miller is a high official in the Bureau of the Census and his study presents the technical problems of defining poverty (and wealth) in a way which is accessible to the general reader. The point of view of *Rich Man, Poor Man* is not, however, one of academic indifference. "What's happening to our social revolution" is the title of a chapter which demonstrates the way in which income redistribution and the abolition of poverty slowed down to a walk after World War II (or, in some cases, showed a retrogression).

However, the most humane statistical approach still poses problems. For example, in Harlan County, the depression poor are still poor, but 88 per cent have washing machines, 67 per cent have TV, 42 per cent have a telephone, 59 per cent have a car. At least one of Dr. Miller's readers, Irving Kristol, took this to mean that these people were not "really" poor. But: while 88 per cent had washing machines, 25 per cent had no water

Michael Harrington is the author of The Other America (*Macmillan*).

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in the house, and 50 per cent had no indoor baths or toilets. There were 59 per cent with a car, but, as Miller notes, these were jalopies. (He might also have pointed out that Appalachia has more automobile graveyards per person than any other section of the country for the simple reason that a small malfunctioning is so expensive that the car has to be junked.)

Yet Dr. Miller avoids most of the dangers of statistics quite well. His book provides an excellent guide to the groups which desperately need help and it has the merit (not always in evidence in Washington, where automation is still an Unmitigated Blessing to most officials) of facing up to the manpower revolution and even admitting a possible validity to some of the more radical interpretations of it such as the Ad Hoc Committee's report on "the Triple Revolution." Dr. Miller is tentative about final judgments in these matters and his policy proposals center around sensible suggestions for planning with regard to manpower. He has written an indispensable reference work with the virtue of being quite readable.

The information is in. The poor are no longer as invisible as they were in the Eisenhower fifties. The outrage of that decade was that society maimed millions by the simple act of not seeing them. Will the American sixties read books like *The Wasted Americans* and *Rich Man, Poor Man*, announce a modest poverty program or two, and let it go at that?

Mr. Bloom Meets the Atom Man

COME BACK, DR. CALIGARI. By Donald Barthelme. Little, Brown & Co. 183 pp. $4.95.

Arno Karlen

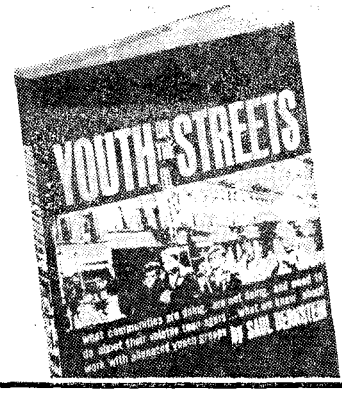
"The aim of literature," says a character in one of these pieces, "is the creation of a strange object covered with fur which breaks your heart." If this is, as I suspect, the author speaking, the book is largely a success in its own terms.

Of the stories in this collection, "The Big Broadcast of 1938" could be the paradigm for most of the others. A man named Bloomsbury has been deserted by his wife; he exchanges his home for a radio station and moves into the studio; there he devotes himself to playing over and over *The Star-Spangled Banner* (". . . which he had always admired immoderately, on account of its finality . . ."); to repeating for long periods words that intrigue him, such as *nevertheless*; and to addressing long talks to his wife:

> *Well old girl . . . here we are, me speaking into the tube, you lying on your back most likely, giving an ear, I don't doubt. Swell of you to tune me in. I remember the time you went walking without your shoes. . . . Afterwards you treated me to a raspberry ice, calling for a saucer, which you placed, daintily, at your feet. I still recall the coolness . . . and the way the raspberry stained my muzzle. I put my face in your hand, and your little glove came away pink and sticky . . . we were pretty as a picture! Man and wife! And then, when it was dark, we had our evening quarrel. . . . The subject, which had been announced by you at breakfast and posted on the notice board, was* Smallness in the Human Male. *You argued that it was willfulness on my part, whereas I argued that it was lack of proper nourishment during my young years. I lost, as was right of course, and you said I couldn't have any supper. . . . Man and wife! Was there ever anything, old skin, like the old days?*

Bloomsbury goes on and on, broadcasting abject confessions, invariably missing the point in the telling as he did at the time. He talks in clichés and in square, stuffy rambles: ". . . that day, if you will pardon me, of days . . . when we were, as they say, young, we walked if you will forgive the extravagance *hand in hand. . . .*" His feelings plod out into the light dressed as awful errors, lie down before the reader like animals run over on the road in comic, awkward postures. He is utterly isolated and alienated, unable to loosen up and reach out for others. As he makes his confessions, you are caught in a spiral of humor and horror; it is a comic version of James Purdy, of something unbearably pathetic. You wish it would end but it doesn't, and so you read on, thinking it must end soon, like the spectator at a Punch show who waits in agonized delight for the patsy to undergo his next failure and punishment—th[illegible] and punish-

Arno Karlen has written criticism, translated from French, and published a book of fiction White Apples (*Lippincott*).



A battlefront report of the "cool" war on our city streets as it is being waged in 1964

From a front-line, factual study of youth gangs in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco and Washington—this book details the new ways of JD today. Rumbles, black jackets, subway graffiti are "out." A new, frightening, "cool" approach to violence, sex, drink and drugs is "in."

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There is a new breed of social worker appearing in our streets. A man who can stride into the center of a teen mob at the boiling point, shout "Cool it, man!"—and be heard and heeded. Behind the streetworker stand many community agencies and the community itself. What can the community and its agencies do to help him?

SAUL BERNSTEIN, Professor at Boston University School of Social Work, has written this book to give us a needed complete picture of alienated youth groups — and the present and future status of work with them.

$3.95 at book stores

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ment that are his fate because of who he is. As in Purdy, this occasionally degenerates into a reiterated appeal to your sadistic impulses, as far from art as pornography or hate pamphlets or advertising, aiming right at your gut. But more often it is a triumph of Barthelme's talent for mimicry and pastiche, in the service of his fine satiric wit.

Bloomsbury is the typical Barthelme protagonist. If he ever let himself truly feel, speak out, he would weep and scream and laugh hysterically. But his emotional constipation holds him in a comic posture, and the world around him encourages him to continue that way. Halfway through "The Big Broadcast," a girl shows up at Bloomsbury's studio and introduces herself as the president of the Conrad Veidt Fan Club. She and Bloomsbury go through long bouts of dialogue that recall Ionesco's plays, those itchy scenes in which people try futilely to bridge the abyss between them by throwing out ready-made inanities. They keep trying to speak to one another, and they keep missing. At last, the woman turns out to be Bloomsbury's former wife. Their attempts at contact are like those of Laurel and Hardy to move a piano upstairs. She leaves, Bloomsbury resumes his broadcast, and the story trails off inconclusively.

This piece exemplifies Barthelme's strengths and his failures. It has outrageous imagination, fine black humor, a genius for absurd juxtapositions, an eye for the madness of life in America today, and for the emptiness, loneliness and violence that lie behind its comedy of strangers always briefly meeting: a sense of their mutual incomprehension. "The Big Broadcast" is also slightly monotonous in places, a little too long, and ends arbitrarily.

Bloomsbury appears again in the story "For I'm the Boy Whose Only Joy Is Loving You," in which he tries to explain to some friends why he and his wife have broken up. As with the "Broadcast," his talk makes you cringe for him, ache for him, avert your eyes but keep peeking back. He several times breaks off his explanations to engage in silent ruminations like those in *Ulysses*; but Bloomsbury is no Bloom, nor is the woman of his fantasies a Molly. Even his dreams are derivative, and clogged with fear, impotence, banality. He is one of those people who bare their souls only to reveal a hopeless cliché, and whose each attempt at self-expression produces a counterfeit of feeling, a triviality:

Once in a movie house, Bloomsbury recalled, Tuesday Weld had suddenly turned on the screen, looked him full in the face, and said: You are a good man. You are good, good, good. He had immediately gotten up and walked out of the theatre, gratification singing in his heart.

The Joycean monologue is another of Barthelme's uses of pastiche, parody and juxtaposition. Critics have spoken of Barthelme's use of Pop art techniques; I suggest that he is actually much closer to Surrealism — to the marble sugar cubes, the mustached Madonna and the fur teacup that disorient our senses and call everything into question. Absurdity and the malaise it evokes, become for Barthelme a satirical device.

At his most wildly funny, Barthelme takes scraps of contemporary material and produces a metaphysical fun house. He piles up references to

Examination of Conscience

I unwrap freezer paper for the meat
of twenty-year-old feelings: Was I sorry
to drop 186,000 pounds of really meager
power, to stir local frights, to worry

a wrecking ball against weak brick walls?
It hasn't left me sour, feeling a crumb
in a pickle barrel like you, called
blood from extremities: the head numb

of prudence nor feet asleep with disgust.
But
what *was* I that October day flying
out of Foggia? From 6 miles above the cut
of the Danube, Vienna lay dying,

a hangman's black necklace around her green
throat and I, like some fan of Man's
in the bleachers of a 17 with my team's
pennant and clothes suitable to the vagaries

of weather: flak helmet, flak suit. I toggle
Hail Marys like shelling peas into a pot;
a 1000 KAPLUNKS a mission do I haggle
out of the pod of that string of knots —

KAPLUNK KAPLUNK KAPLUNK KAPLUNK
the sky itself then fills with beads —
KAPLUNK KAPLUNK KAPLUNK KAPLUNK —
German Our Fathers as we turn to the deed

flagellate our sides, mark us in the ashes
of a faith. I open bomb bay doors
and we are swimming in a sea of piety
like a sardine slitted up the middle:

soul bared and cold air thunders the kill.
I fathom the breach between earth and plane,
pull the cork out of our horn of plenty.
The plane lurches a fit of truth yet I wake

not but watch 12 500's drift to earth
like jetsam or green semen: pure relief,
wait until earth jumps in her nightmare
coitus, despairs of no-time, gives birth

to cumulus toadstools with stop-light hearts
sprouting in the marshaling yards and 'areas' beyond.
I then turn from that place, descend,
take off the oxygen mask, wipe the scars

with an easy backhand, break out a stiff-cold
cheese sandwich and wolf it obliviously.
Ah, twenty years to finally know
I love you in your sorrow, Eatherly.

Edward Auert

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books, movies, picket lines, publicity handouts, scientific data, fabricated quotations—that stand together in a comic crowd, sham by sham. In the story "Hiding Man," Mr. I. A. L. Burligame walks into a movie house one afternoon to watch horror movies (*She Gods of Shark Reef, Attack of the Puppet People, Diary of a High School Bride*). There he meets a Negro wearing dark glasses, with whom he has a conversation that is all clichés and evasions. Burligame worries; should he really expose himself and talk openly with the man? They spar for awhile, and finally Burligame breaks down:

> *"Look," pleads he, moving two spaces nearer, whispering, "I know you're hiding, you know you're hiding, I will make a confession, I too am hiding. We have discovered each other, we are mutually embarrassed, we watch the exits, we listen for the sound of rough voices, the sound of betrayal. Why not confide in me, why not make common cause. . . ."*

A scene of mutual confessions follows, with painful tales of childhood experience (again, stuffy and absurdly comic). Then the Negro strips off his mask; he is an agent in disguise, out to get Burligame. He goes to apprehend Burligame in a final scene in which the line disappears between the events on the movie screen and the events taking place in the theatre —life become the cheap horror film, the horror film become life.

This is the horror beneath the fashion news, the literary gossip, the picketers' signs, the reminiscences, the marriages. Barthelme rips away the disguises, the skin of habit that protects our nerves. This is done explicitly in "Me and Miss Mandible," one of the best stories in the book. A 35-year-old insurance adjuster actually helps a widow collect what is owed to her; he thus loses his job, and so his wife. He ends up going back to grammar school to learn what things are all about, which he obviously missed the first time around. His one genuine act has upset the whole front of counterfeits and disguises that pass for life among adults; he goes back to join those still in the process of learning that system. He sees everything from their startling perspective.

> *The distinction between children and adults . . . is at bottom a specious one, I feel. There are only individual egos, crazy for love . . . . We read signs as promises. . . . I believed that because I had obtained a wife who was made up*

PRIDE AND POWER: THE RATIONALE OF THE SPACE PROGRAM

by Vernon Van Dyke

Here is a timely, provocative analysis of the "why" and "how" of the U. S. space program. It will enable both those involved in the program and the general public to better understand and appraise this monumental effort. The primary focus is on the rationale — reasons, motives, goals — behind the program. Although it is widely regarded as scientific and technological, it also is obviously political — involving both international competition and domestic controversy. $6.50.

BRITISH POLITICS IN THE SUEZ CRISIS

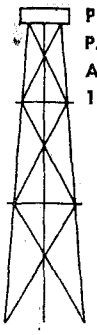
by Leon D. Epstein

This fascinating examination of how the British political system faced, functioned under and endured the strain of the 1956 Suez crisis is an invaluable contribution to understanding modern British politics, and parliamentary and party systems in general. It also provides new insights into the historic Suez incident itself, party discipline, the prime minister's decision-making role, cross pressures bearing on members of Parliament with Jewish backgrounds, etc. $5.00.

THE ORIGINS OF TEAPOT DOME

PROGRESSIVES, PARTIES, AND PETROLEUM, 1909-1921

by J. Leonard Bates



Mention "scandal" and you think of Teapot Dome. This first book revealing its origins finally puts that complex, infamous event in its proper historical perspective. It discloses that what happened after 1920 was in large part the culmination of what had occurred during the previous ten or more years and involved many personalities and problems — conservation, progressivism, politics, and oil. Illustrated. $7.50.

THE FARM BUREAU AND THE NEW DEAL

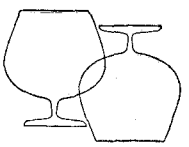
by Christiana McFadyen Campbell

New light is thrown on the making of farm policy during the New Deal years in this fresh examination of the relationship — from honeymoon to divorce — between the Farm Bureau and the Roosevelt administration. "The Campbell account of the growing rift between the Farm Bureau and the USDA is very good. . . . Mrs. Campbell is to be congratulated on making a whole segment of the agricultural front come alive." — Henry A. Wallace, *Agricultural History*. $4.75.

SYMBOLIC CRUSADE

STATUS POLITICS AND THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

by Joseph R. Gusfield



The important role of the Temperance movement throughout U. S. history is analyzed as clashes and conflicts between rival social systems, cultures, and status groups. Sometimes the "dry" is winning this classic battle for prestige and power. Sometimes, as in today's society, he is losing. $5.00.

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of wife-signs (beauty, charm, softness, perfume, cookery) I had found love. . . . But I say, looking about me in this incubator of future citizens, that signs are signs, and that some of them are lies. This is the great discovery of my time here. . . . It is the pledges that this place makes to me, pledges that cannot be redeemed. . . . Everything is presented as the result of some knowable process. . . . I take the right steps, obtain correct answers, and my wife leaves me for another man.

"Miss Mandible," like most of Barthelme's work, lacks narrative motion; it is a portrait from a special revealing viewpoint. But it ends with an intimation that perhaps, at best, the whole situation *may* not be utterly hopeless. Most of the stories suggest no change, no hint of other possibilities; they are documents of a state of affairs and a state of mind. The weaker ones are little more than exercises in a certain tone of voice, and often seem arbitrary, pointless, tedious. This repeated portraying of one subject from different angles makes the whole book seem, in the end, a little static and monotonous despite all its virtues. It's an ungrateful man who complains about fresh air because it's a degree too hot or cold, but this delicious, brilliant book does leave a feeling of thinness. The author says we have no contact with one another, and that our attempts to change this are comic stumbles. Agreed, but there is more to it than that. I am not asking for optimism or uplift but for a world with more texture, depth, variety. Kafka's rich tales of hope — without hope — are tragic, and as complex as life. Genet's perversity and hopelessness have an insistent grandeur. But Beckett and Ionesco, with all their genius, sometimes produce the boredom of seeing things through the same obsessive peephole.

This book is tantalizing, for the stories promise to be bigger, more grandly absurd and sad and compassionate, than they are. A few times a fuller and more varied voice begins to break out — in the successive discoveries and ambiguous ending of "Miss Mandible," for instance, and most strongly at the end of "Shower of Gold," which I think is the best of all the stories.

A painter named Peterson is broke; he volunteers to appear on a television program in which people expose their souls for dissection by an interviewer while hooked up to a polygraph. As he prepares for the humiliation, he is exposed to network people full of network profundity; to a venal and corrupting art dealer, an idiot, philosophizing barber, fashionably hip girls who parrot hip ideas and sponge off him. At last, crazed by all of this, he appears on the television program, but instead of playing the game he makes a flailing attempt at honesty and feeling, at a crazy sort of nobility.

I am a minor artist . . . but minor is as minor does and lightning may strike yet. Don't be reconciled. Turn off your television sets . . . cash in your life insurance, indulge in a mindless optimism. Visit girls at dusk. Play the guitar. How can you be alienated without first having been connected? Think back and remember how it was.

They try to cut him off, move the camera away, but Peterson follows, still talking.

"My mother was a royal virgin," Peterson said, "and my father a shower of gold. My childhood was pastoral and energetic and rich in experiences which developed my character. As a young man I was noble in reason, infinite in faculty, in form express and admirable, and in apprehension. . . ." Peterson went on and on and although he was, in a sense, lying, in a sense he was not.

Cold Skies, Cold Day

The storm has passed, white cumuli roll
over the snowy hills to the eastern sky.
Cold drives in from the west, sky clears.
On the eastern clouds the deep blue grows,
cold deep blue, oxide of steel.

I have known eyes blue like those clouds,
hands strong as the wind that drives them,
but the wind of time has torn them from me,
I stand alone.

Fury and beauty of earth,
I must plant my feet against you,
I must grow rooted like a tree,
I must feed deeply, I must transform,
I must give more than I have taken,
then I will close my eyes, I will sleep.

Fred Lape

Gardens of Today and Yesterday

PAGES FROM TARUSA. Edited by Andrew Field. Little, Brown & Co. 363 pp. $6.75.

THE NEW WRITING IN RUSSIA. Edited by Thomas B. Whitney. University of Michigan Press. 448 pp. $6.95.

Olga Andreyev Carlisle

The small community of Tarusa, in the provincial Soviet town of Kaluga, has been an artists' and writers' colony ever since the end of the nineteenth century. It is located on the river Oka, about 200 miles from Moscow, in a landscape of birch groves and deep forests typical of central Russia.

Pages from Tarusa, originally edited by four members of the colony, presents prose and poetry both by residents and by some nonresidents whose spirit matches the quiet nonconformism of Tarusa. The collection includes many hitherto unpublished poems by the great Marina Tsvetayeva, whose parents had a summer home in Tarusa before the revolution; and some beautiful poems by Nicholas Zabolotzky, a poet of major stature who died in Tarusa in 1958, as well as other poetry, essays and novellas. The more flamboyant young Soviet writers are bypassed; in fact, the overall tone is quite sedate. Among the young writers included, one does not detect the usual echoes of Mayakovsky who exerts such a strong influence on some of the younger Russian poets. With the exception of Marina Tsvetayeva, a poetess of Pasternak's generation and a "modernist" par excellence, using syncopated rhythms and bold, sometimes erotic imagery, many of the writers have a definite nineteenth-century tone. This of course faithfully reflects the fact that as a result of years of enforced isolation most of today's Russian cultural life is still deeply rooted in the nineteenth century. Dur-

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ing the period of Stalinist repression, a small number of writers and teachers managed to preserve something of the nineteenth-century cultural legacy, while the more recent tradition, that of the twenties, was suppressed—with the exception of Mayakovsky, whose image was used as propaganda. One of the editors of *Pages from Tarusa* and the most respected of all the personalities now living there is Konstantin Paustovsky, part of whose autobiography was published here recently (*The Nation*, May 11). Paustovsky is a good example of a courageous, enlightened keeper of that earlier tradition.

There is a warm, lively quality to this anthology which makes one wonder whether the spirit of compassion and fervor characteristic of the Russian nineteenth century is not a more fertile tradition for contemporary Soviet writers to draw upon than the more glittering heritage of Mayakovsky and the Futurists. Paradoxically, Mayakovsky's whimsical brilliance sometimes appears alien and outdated in the context of everyday life in the USSR, while Chekhov, for example, exerts a profound influence there on readers and writers alike. One of the best prose writers in the USSR today is 36-year-old Yuri Kazakov (*The Nation*, Feb. 10) who writes in the spirit of Gorki and Chekhov. Yet his stories (three are included in the Tarusa anthology) never seem old-fashioned. He was first of his generation to capture the rapid, difficult, yet sometimes comic, transition from a peasant way of life with its dignity, poverty and superstitions to a shallow urban civilization. This transition is one of the major social changes in the USSR now and Kazakov brings it to our attention with true artistry.

Several anthologies of Soviet writing have been made available to the American reader in recent years. However, most of these were put together and translated by scholars or observers who appear to be more interested in Soviet politics than in Soviet literature or Soviet life itself. The most notorious victim of this emphasis on politics was, of course, Boris Pasternak; in the fever which surrounded the publishing of his *Doctor Zhivago*, this highly original, complex and poetic book was crudely paraphrased rather than translated into English. Thus its merits, which had earned it the Nobel Prize in the first place, were all but lost for the American reader.

Fortunately, the English version of *Pages from Tarusa* was edited and translated with great care. Not all the translations, done by various American writers, are equally successful, but their general level is satisfactory. In particular, the book presents outstanding translations of Marina Tsvetayeva by Denise Levertov. It is lovely to come across the authentic ring of Tsvetayeva's voice in English. Suddenly the old anguish of the revolutionary years becomes our own anguish now, as in "A Letter":

So they don't expect
letters. So they wait for —
letters.

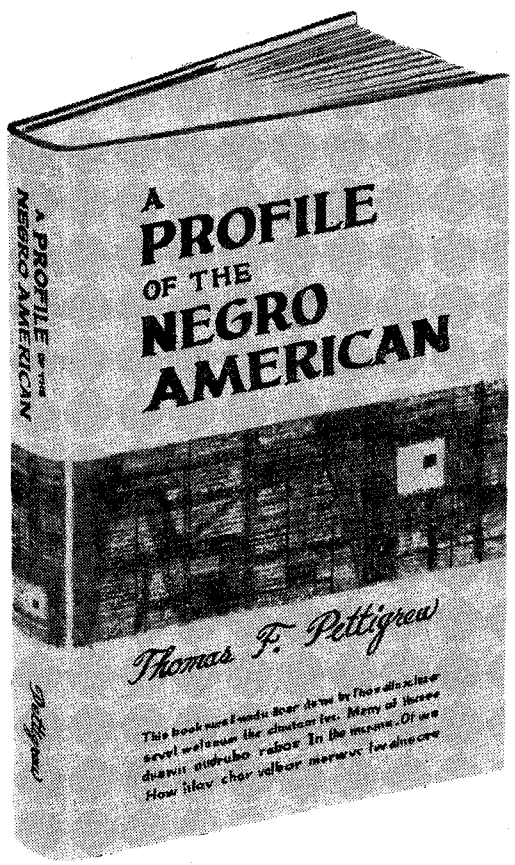
A ragged scrap
circled by
sticky tape. Inside —

a scribble
and happiness
and that's all.

So they don't expect
happiness. So they expect —
the end . . .

Although shorter than the original Russian anthology, *Pages from Tarusa* reveals much about old-time Russian ways. One of the aims of the collection was to celebrate the quiet, sheltering town which helped preserve a cherished tradition, and surrounding the town, the soft, melancholy landscape: the woods, the sinuous river and the "heavenly gardens," as Marina Tsvetayeva describes the Tarusa gardens in summer. Much of the classical Russian verse might seem incomprehensible unless love of the Russian landscape is understood as the poets' mandate. (Incidentally, this is also true of modern Soviet poetry. In some of the latest poems by Andrei Voznesensky, who was not included in this anthology because he is a member of the "flamboyant" school of poetry, Russian nature is rendered with all the reverence and mystery of the old tradition.)

This collection offers us glimpses of more down-to-earth aspects of Soviet life as well. Bulat Okudjava, the author of many charming popular Soviet songs, gives us an incisive, unromantic account of a very young man's World War II experiences in his excellent novella, *Lots of Luck, Kid!* It is a laconic statement of the deep antimilitaristic feelings of many younger Russians today, especially of those now in their late thirties — a generation which may remind us of some of our own post-World War II generation of writers. Boris Balter, in *Three from a Town*, tells us how it was to be brought



By Thomas F. Pettigrew, Dept. of Social Relations, Harvard University. How do Negros react to discrimination? How do they feel about the role they think the Whites expect of them? What are the facts concerning so-called "racial" differences in health, intelligence, and crime rates? What are the implications of the current Negro protest? This careful survey of the Negro-American at midcentury reports on more than 500 investigations by leading scientists . . . compares the facts with popular ideas and prejudices, proposes a program of reform based on knowledge and understanding.

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up in the '30s by a "Party mama" in a small Crimean resort town. In this novella, there are many candid insights into the propagandizing activities of the Komsomols, into Stakhanovizm, and into the attitudes of Soviet youth toward sex.

Pages from Tarusa is known to have earned official disapproval in the USSR when it was published during the fall of 1961 in the provincial town of Kaluga. It was not banned, nor was anyone chastised for contributing to it, but the full printing (officially 75,000) does not seem to have been distributed. However, the collection was widely read and discussed in Moscow in the spring of 1962, when I was visiting Russia, and there seemed to be enough copies to go around. Marina Tsvetayeva's poems, which made this book particularly valued, had not been available in the Soviet Union until then because she had lived outside Russia after the revolution. (A book of her selected poems was published later that year in Moscow.) This, plus a eulogy of the *émigré* writer Ivan Bunin by Paustovsky, indicated that despite official reluctance the ban against *émigré* writing was being lifted. One had the impression then that a great wave of freedom and of creativity was about to sweep the USSR.

The New Writing in Russia, an informative anthology of prose, highlights some important aspects of today's Soviet reality such as the *stiliagis* (the young, hipster-like style followers), and the conflict between adolescents and their parents who were shaped by Stalinism and World War II. The editor's literary judgment is reliable and the book contains a useful bibliography of contemporary authors available in English. But the style of both the translations and the editorial comment is peculiar and heavy.

Not represented in either of these anthologies is Ossip Mandelstam, a highly original and superb author of prose and poetry in the 1920s and 1930s. Some of his poems were published in the June, 1963, *Atlantic* (translated by Robert Lowell); publication of his collected works would be a major literary event.

Olga Andreyev Carlisle is the author of Voices in the Snow *(Random House, 1963), describing personal encounters with Russian writers; she is now at work on an anthology of contemporary Soviet poetry.*

About the Awful

IN HIS OWN WRITE. By John Lennon. Simon & Schuster. 78 pp. $2.50.

Peter Schickele

It's always good to see the conformities broken down. So many distinctions in the areas of taste or simply interest are based on snobbery and tradition, whether one lives in Westchester or Greenwich Village. It is refreshing to hear that Marshal Tito owns a complete collection of Laurel and Hardy films, that Miss Subways does abstract painting, or that Norman Mailer reads *Scientific American.*

Or that a Beatle writes a book. Anyone who has heard the best of the Beatles' songs, who knows that they are written by members of the group, and who has read about some of the opinions and attitudes expressed by various Beatles, should be aware that this hit-parade monopoly is not just another boneless creation of a publicity agent. Rather, it is a group of four spunky characters, certainly not naive but also, I think, not unduly cynical. One feels that they like their music and that they're having a ball being celebrities, but that if tomorrow everybody forgot about them completely they would soon find other ways to swing, together or individually. However, even people with a predisposition toward the Beatles (if not Beatlemania, perhaps Beatletropism?) are almost sure to be pleasantly shocked when they open up *In His Own Write.*

In the first place, most books written by people in the entertainment field sound as if they were all written by the same person, the reason being well known: they more or less are. This little volume by John Lennon ("The Writing Beatle," as he is identified on the cover) not only has a style of its own, but at its best it has a very sure and delightful style. Moreover, it is not about the author or the group which made him famous; it is a collection of brief whimsies and simple drawings — pure fancy and nonsense concocted by someone who loves jumbling words and images.

In reviews of the book, all sorts of literary wheels have been mentioned as influences — Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, James Thurber (I keep thinking of Kenneth Patchen, too — and it's easy to see why, from these scattered samples:

Thorg hilly grove and burly ive,
Big daleys grass and tree
We clobber ever gallup
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.

To Clive Barrow it was just an ordinary day nothing unusual or strange about it, everything quite navel, nothing outstanley just another day, but to Roger it was something special, a day amongst days . . . a red lettuce day . . . because Roger was getting married and as he dressed that morning he thought about the gay batchelor soups he'd had with all his pals.

He used to be so grundie
On him little bike
Riding on a Sundie
Funny little tyke

One upon a tom in a far off distant land far across the sea miles away from anyway over the hills as the crow barks 39 peoble lived miles away from anywhere on a little distant island on a distant land.

Even James Joyce has been mentioned, and certainly passages like the following have a wild and heady quality which goes beyond wordplay:

"Where the charge man?" All of a southern I notice boils and girks sitting in hubbered lumps smoking Hernia taking Odeon and going very high. Somewhere 4 ft high but he had Indian Hump which he grew in his sleep. Puffing and globbering they drugged theyselves rampling or dancing with wild abdomen, stubbing in wild postumes amongst themselves.

They seemed olivier to the world about them. One girk was revealing them all over the place to rounds of bread and applause. Shocked and mazed I pulled on my rubber stamp heady for the door.

But Lennon is Lennon; he has his own brand of jumbleword, particularly in the prose pieces (it often sounds like someone with a cold speaking cockney-rhyming slang), and his own satiric way of looking at things. Sometimes his satire is extremely cutting, although several stories are marred, to my taste, by a sort of surface viciousness that comes out like the cute snicker of sick jokes.

These places, however, are more than balanced by pages of inspired madness in the form of small poems, tiny stories, minute plays, a letter, a television survey, speech instructions and a few even less classifiable items. The pieces range from quietly clever to outrageous, and occasionally there is even a touching moment. The drawings are very uneven; some are just right, while others look amateurish, as if they'd been drawn by a professional rock 'n' roll singer ra-

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ther than by someone who attended the Liverpool Art College.

But before rounding off my applause for John Lennon I must, as a fan of the Beatles and much R 'n' R in general, register one complaint: why hasn't any of this fine word fancy penetrated the lyrics of Beatles' songs? I've heard many (though not all) of their numbers, and the only trace of literary wit I can find is the name of the group itself (after all, they could have called themselves the Rolls-Royces or the Gyrations). Admittedly, the commercial R 'n' R field is probably not very congenial to flights of literary fancy, but nowhere in the Beatles' songs have I heard even the elementary wit of one of the Coaster's old numbers:

She comes on like a rose,
But everybody knows,
She'll get you in Dutch;
You can look, but you better not touch —
POISON IVY
POISON IVY
Late at night when you're sleepin'
Poison Ivy comes a-creepin'
Around

Or the poignancy of Elvis Presley's early hit *Heartbreak Hotel*:

The bellhop's tears keep flowing,
The desk clerk's dressed in black;
They've been so long on Lonely Street
That they'll never never get back

Elvis has become such a picture of clean living in his middle age that it's easy to forget the days when he aroused wrath right and left, and supposedly answered a question about marriage with, "Why buy a cow when you can get milk through the fence?" The Beatles have the same perspective and seem to enjoy themselves more than Elvis ever did. As Lennon writes in a note "About the Awful":

As a member of the most publified Beatles my and (P, G, and R's) records might seem funnier to some of you than this book, but as far as I'm conceived this correction of short writty is the most wonderfoul larf I've ever ready.
God help and breed you all.

Peter Schickele is a composer and teaches at Juilliard School of Music.

Importing Revolution

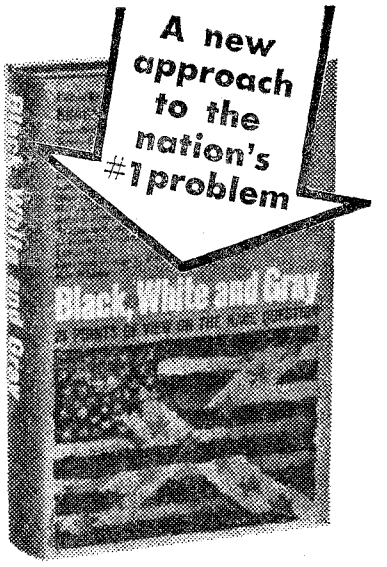
A PEOPLED LANDSCAPE. By Charles Tomlinson. Oxford University Press. 51 pp. $3.75.

Walter Sutton

Charles Tomlinson is one of a very few younger English poets who have discovered the technical resources of American verse. A native of Staffordshire, educated at Cambridge, Tomlinson has also lived in Italy and, more recently, in the United States, where his poems have been quite widely published. An accomplished poet, he has sought to break the mold of conventional metrical patterns and to write organic poems. His second book, *A Peopled Landscape*, is a testament to this effort — and to the impact upon him of his American experiences.

It is William Carlos Williams, in particular, whose presence is most felt in metrical arrangement, theme and imagery. Many of Tomlinson's poems are in the staggered three-stepped verse scheme that Williams first developed in the *Paterson II* passage beginning "The descent beckons/as the ascent beckoned . . ." and came to regard as a landmark in his search for an organic measure suited to his needs. Tomlinson's adoption of the pattern is a step toward a freer organic form, but the execution is not entirely sure; there is often insufficient relation between the pattern of the verses upon the page and underlying conventional patterns of rhyme and meter. Sometimes it is almost as though the writer is turning back to traditional stays against the freedom he has been seeking. Tomlinson's concern for locality and the particulars of common life are also reminiscent of Williams. But his sensibility and tone are English, and in telling ways that cause one to wonder at his interest in the older, intractably American poet.

"Return to Hinton," the first poem of any length, describes the experience, after a visit to the United States, of going back to a home altered by death and by changes in the pattern of English life. A widowed mother sustained by chapel pieties stands between the old order with its "mullions and flagged floor" and the newer world of the "television box" with its flattening conformity. Although the poet cannot share the mother's certitudes, he is drawn by the relative stability of her life and her links with the past. Rejecting the progressivism of "that generous/rich and nervous land" that bulldozes away the



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values of idiosyncrasy and locality to build freeways to a utopian future, he takes his stand as the steward of a language rooted in a traditional and conservative way of life.

Tomlinson turns to industrialized modern England for the steel-mill setting of "John Maydew, or The Allotment." Although he responds to the beauty of the glowing orange of the slag piles at dusk, the poet is troubled by the threat of the acrid drift from the valley mills. Unlike many of Williams' rootless characters ("The pure products of America"), Tomlinson's Englishman is ineradicably a peasant. Accepting as he must his allotted proletarian role, he still turns instinctively for refuge from the "quotidian hell" of the factory to the "vegetable shade" of the garden. In contrast to Williams, who confronts and celebrates, or blasts, his industrialized America, Tomlinson retains more than a trace of the conservative romantic's nostalgia for a pre-industrial (prelapsarian) green and pleasant England.

At the same time he realistically asserts the virtue of fact, or perceived reality, and warns against reductive symbolization: "Distrust/that poet who must symbolize/your stair into/an analogue/of what was never there." His best work amply shows his capacity for looking at the world with his own eyes. Among several examples, "Crow" is a marvel of exact and exacting observation from its opening lines: "The inspecting eye/shows cold/amid the head's/disquieted iridescence." The sureness of his ear, as well, is evident in the ordering of impressions in "Walking to Bells" and "At Wells—Polyphony."

Tomlinson's interest in art and music, some of his diction ("the machine of nature") and his occasional use of metamorphic imagery all point to qualities in the poetry of Wallace Stevens that have attracted him. A meditative poem in rather regular lines employing occasional end rhyme, "Four Kantian Lyrics" is reminiscent, for instance, of Stevens' "Sea Surface Full of Clouds." Through shifting sensuous imagery it evokes the flux of nature as it appears in different guises to the human observer, a mote in the flowing sea of forms. Even the earth, the most stable element, is insubstantial: ". . . We cannot pitch/our paradise in such a changeful nameless place . . ." and "content with the iridescence of the moment/we must flow with the wood-fleece/in a war of forms, the wind/gone over us, and we/drinking its imprints, faceless as the sea."

But the shifting imagery of these lines seems less true to Tomlinson's sensibility than the images of crystals and cut glass he has elsewhere used to define the mental climate of his poems. Although he is interested in aesthetic perception, his poems on the subject do not, like Stevens', convey the idea of art as a process of illusionist, almost magical transformation. More often they emphasize the rigorous abstractness of art, as in the starkly cloven stone of "Head Hewn with an Axe." The appeal of abstraction can also be seen in "The Flight," where the American continent, viewed from the air, is found to have the delicately selective and meticulous arrangement of detail of a Chinese landscape painting.

The poems referring to other art forms are among Tomlinson's best. "Ode to Arnold Schoenberg," successfully developed in Williams' three-stepped verse scheme, is remarkable for the imagistic echoes of its concluding lines:

For what is sound
made reintelligible
but the unfolded word
branched and budded,
the wintered tree
creating, cradling space
and then
filling it with verdure?

Although any reader of Williams must be reminded of the miraculous "Botticellian Trees," the figure is Tomlinson's, and it is integral to his larger poetic form.

Two of the last poems in the book express an appreciation of the work of Marianne Moore. "Ship's Waiters," a gravely humorous poem in the manner of Miss Moore and the measure of Williams, elaborates the figure of the waiter's gliding intuitive gait as an image of organic poetic form, as the "leaning fathoms" of the ocean, with its "arterial unpredictable beat," tease "precision from those harried feet." "Over Brooklyn Bridge," celebrating a visit to Marianne Moore, ends with a tribute to her discriminating and eclectic taste:

Goodbye
Miss Moore
I hope
the peacock's feather
you once saw
at the house of Ruskin
has kept its variegations. . . .

These final poems bring home the realization that, although Tomlinson's most obvious debt is to Williams, his sensibility is much closer to Marianne Moore's. His habits of observation and reflection have more of the cool precision of Miss Moore than the unrestrained ardor of Williams. Accordingly, the characteristic movement of image and idea in his poems tends toward a meticulous progression rather than the leaps and flights of Williams, who even in old age could write of his mind as casting off "rebelliously/an eagle/from its crag."

This contrast is not to slight Tomlinson, or Marianne Moore. It is simply to suggest that, given so marked a difference in temperament, it is not likely that the metrical pattern Williams found suited to his need would wholly suit Tomlinson — or that the formal manner of any poet can really be assumed by another. Thoreau's observation that one need not mature as rapidly as an apple tree or an oak has force for today's "younger" poet, who is often older than earlier poets in their prime. Sustained but also challenged by a vigorous tradition of organic form, he is conscious of his debt to the great modernist trail-breakers and also of his obligation to make his own way — that is, to achieve an appropriate and distinctive form through what Williams

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called "invention." Technical innovation is the price (and prize) of his participation in a living poetic tradition.

In Tomlinson we have the interesting and as yet extremely rare phenomenon of an English poet consciously attempting to develop for his own use elements of a revolutionary American poetry. The experiment might well have useful results if, through work like Tomlinson's, vitalizing forces may enter, or re-enter, the blood stream of English poetry. But for Tomlinson himself there is the danger, despite his skill, of absorbing not the dynamic *process* of organic poetry (the discovery of form in the fact of perception) but the *mannerisms* or idiosyncratic manifestations of the process in the work of established American poets. For the English poet to fasten on the manner rather than the process—the creative principle that *can* fruitfully be transmitted from a master to a learner—would be an ironic reversal of that cultural colonialism, that imitation of imported forms, decried by American poets from Walt Whitman to William Carlos Williams. The imitation of models, however congenial, is sterile and self-defeating. The first American master of organic form (who happened to write in prose) urged other men to follow not his path, but their own, with each stepping to the music he alone can hear, however measured or far away.

Walter Sutton, professor of English at Syracuse University, is the author of Modern American Criticism *(Princeton University Press) and editor of* Ezra Pound, A Collection of Critical Essays *(Prentice-Hall).*

THEATRE

KING LEAR
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

The Peter Brook-Paul Scofield production of *King Lear* being presented for a limited engagement at the New York State Theatre at Lincoln Center was a revelation to London and was hailed as an epoch-making stage experience on the Continent. In Moscow, and more particularly in some of the East European countries, it exercised an extraordinarily *emotional* impact. Yet in New York, though the first- and second-night audiences applauded the performance to the echo, a considerable body of opinion described this as a *Lear* without a tear. Expressions of disappointment, though guarded, were not uncommon.

From London I wrote [*The Nation*, Jan. 26, 1963]: "If Peter Brook's *Lear* could claim no further distinction it would still be memorable because it astonishes. It astonishes by a magisterial simplification. It eschews all pageantry and, to a large extent, pathos. As Lear is stripped of all his goods and honor, so the production is stripped of pomp. . . . Scofield plays Lear with stern, tight, thoughtful impassivity. . . . We would say that this thoroughly coherent production is in tune with the intellectual climate of our day. It is a reduction of *King Lear* to our size. . . . After one has left the theatre one wishes to see the production again. . . ."

I have seen it again and, to my surprise, I am now inclined to "defend" it rather than to find fault, though my basic criticism remains unchanged.

The New York State Theatre — designed primarily for ballet and musical shows — is much too large for drama. I had specified in my earlier review, "The actors speak with notable clarity. . . . Every word strikes home." At the New York State Theatre anyone seated in the middle or the rear of the house or on the extreme sides may find the actors unintelligible. Thus the actors are obliged to speak with a falsifying deliberateness. But this hardly explains the partially dissident reaction.

If the complaint against the production is its coldness or that it is unmoving, Peter Brook might justifiably reply that he intended it to be so. Why should the play satisfy our conventional anticipation? In general we take for granted that we know what plays by Shakespeare ought to look and sound like; and most of the time we are wrong.

Lear is not about the ingratitude of children. Were it so, it would be over by the middle of the second act. If I were challenged to name the key line offering a clue to *Lear's* meaning, I would choose Lear's "They told me

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I was everything. 'Tis a lie. I am not ague-proof." Lear is a primitive, a passionate barbarian who naively believes that since he is a *king*, he has power even when he forfeits the trappings of power. Goneril says of him that he would still "manage those authorities he hath given away!" The Fool admonishes: "Thou should not have been old till hadst been wise."

Wisdom consists in knowing, to cite Goethe, that "against the superiority of another there exists no weapon or remedy save that of love." Only through love can we achieve that "ripeness" which teaches that "men must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither."

A philosophic and (indirectly) sociological extension of the play's basic premise has been given by the Polish critic Jan Kott whose essay on *Lear* guided Brook's production. "King Lear," Kott tells us, "derides the promised heaven on earth as well as the heaven promised after death, the Christian as well as the secular vindication of life, the religious cosmogony and historical rationalism, the gods and the benevolent nature of man created in the image of God. In *King Lear* both orders of value crumble: that of the Middle Ages and that of the Renaissance. When this gigantic 'farce' is over, nothing remains but the empty and blood-soaked earth — that earth which after the storm is left with no more than stones, with a King, a Fool, a Blind Man and a Lunatic to engage in bitter discourse."

Kott calls his essay, "King Lear, or, in other words, Endgame." In content and sentiment Shakespeare is assimilated with Samuel Beckett! *King Lear*, according to this interpretation, is not so much a tragedy as an epic grotesquerie, the first and greatest of the *absurd* plays.

Borrowing certain technical devices from Brecht (for instance in the use of white light even for night scenes), Brook has sought to accomplish two things: to rid the production of the romantic rhetoric or rant associated with productions of Shakespeare, and to articulate *Lear's* text and action in the starkest manner possible so that the play's "nihilism" becomes unmistakable. He has succeeded, and much credit is due him for it.

An even more astonishing production of *King Lear* in Moscow in 1935 — superlatively admired by Gordon Craig — made Lear a puny, beardless man, weirdly overweaning to begin with and later hysterically wild through loss of his ego, the very image of a "poor, bare, forked animal," so that Lear's description of himself as "every inch a king" became entirely self-mocking. What would the critics who cavil at Brook's production have thought of that one?

My main criticism of the Brook interpretation was and is that Shakespeare's pessimism is by no means the counterpart of Beckett's. Their styles, hence their content, are at opposite poles. The range of feeling in Shakespeare, the richness of intellectual and emotional substance from which his negations spring, make his world majestic and affirmative even in its imprecations and rejection of life. Shakespeare's world, however deprived of "solace," is one worth living and suffering in; Beckett's is not worth a damn.

Scofield follows Brook loyally and lends the production some of his own innate nobility, a lithic simplicity and an unforced inwardness which compensate in considerable measure for the reduction of Lear's dimension planned in the production. And Irene Worth's Goneril is this Lear's most impressive adversary.

There has also been some captiousness in New York about the Royal Shakespeare Company's *The Comedy of Errors*, criticism which in the main I believe to be mistaken. The play, among the first the Bard wrote, is a bit of jolly folly and has been directed by Clifford Williams with a sense of fun and visual flair — an assortment of theatrical tricks showing both ingenuity and a memory of ancient stage traditions quite suitable to the occasion.

The acting by a company that on the whole is young is agreeable if not brilliant, and one comes away from the spectacle, based on what is certainly a trifling text, with a clear understanding of what the great Russian director Meyerhold meant when he said, "words in the theatre are only a design on a canvas of motion" — an extreme but pregnant statement.

From row J in the orchestra of the new theatre, more than half of the dialogue of *The Comedy of Errors* was inaudible. It was like seeing a very lively production of a play in a language with which one is not altogether familiar, but none the less enjoying the experience.

For me an additional interest in seeing both plays was to realize how different the audiences are in London and New York. Many in New York found *Lear* not sufficiently "theatrical"; it is in fact highly theatrical in a special — ascetic — way, and London found it so. *The Comedy of Errors* to some New Yorkers was not riotous enough; London thought it wholly delightful. This made me think of Shaw's quip about England and America being two countries divided by the same language. (Aestheticians of the theatre should remind themselves occasionally that the audience is co-author of every play.) I discovered that, pertaining to the stage, I am rather more American in London and more British in New York.

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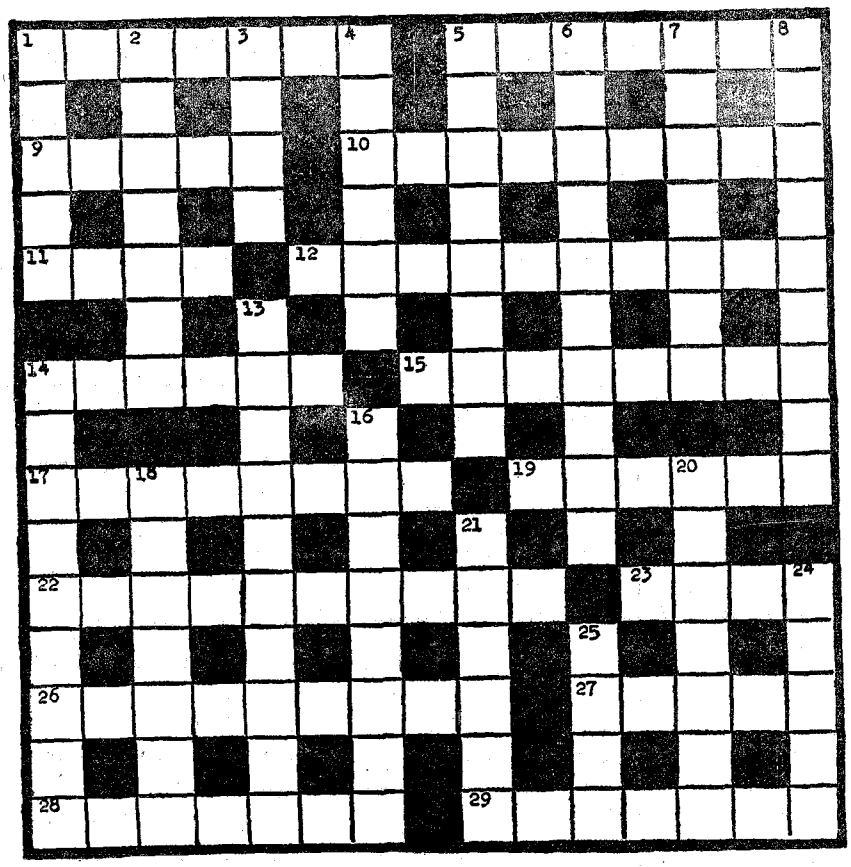

ACROSS:

1 See 10 across
5 and 21 down The sort of thing that could rescue the Mets? (1, 6, 2, 4)
9 Descriptive of a 2 down—the house variety. (5)
10 and 1 across What can you say concerning a street with those arrow signs, without fear of contradiction? (2, 3, 4, 5, 2)
11 See 23 across
12 You might find it in a poet's makeup, perhaps involved in the plot.
14 and 19 The haircuts of imported entertainers, as a suggestion, should give a scowling appearance. (6-6)
15 Caught something, but likely to be in better condition. (8)
17 With expression, they are given a fine hand. (8)
22 Are they rather like pointers for the coach? (10)
23 and 11 Where developments wouldn't be unexpected after someone was shot. (4, 4)
26 Could it be the sole gripe of a musician? (9)
27 In here, the room has high space.
28 What Bacchus had to bear! (7)
29 Nietzsche said when a man is in love he does more than at other times. (7)

DOWN:

1 More stern in pursuit. (5)
2 The cast might be almost gray, when Dolores is involved. (3-4)
3 The clue to 1 down starts out without the folkways of a bird. (4)
4 Not to be brought up around the finish of the band, which is tough.
5 Is St. Anne an unusual sort to find responsible for the reception?
6 You certainly wouldn't expect to find large family cars in a worse state! (3-7)
7 Drawer of rural scenes? (7)
8 Sort of bushed, and yet well-preserved, perhaps. (9)
13 To use up the last oil rag might be dangerous! (10)
14 The location of the shade, caused by the corner post in some cars. (5, 4)
16 Certainly not the outdoor type who should have confidence. (8)
18 Sensitivity to the standard of work done in a helper? (7)
20 Carry clothes around the snow, rain or sunshine, possibly. (7)
21 See 5 across
24 Miss Muffet should have liked the sound of such people. (5)
25 Be disposed to care? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1061

ACROSS: 1 Come-down; 5 Scotch; 9 Rattled; 10 Praises; 11 Avocado; 12 Weed out; 13 Kick the bucket; 15 Kill the umpire; 21 Numidia; 22 Napping; 23 Air lock; 24 Erosive; 25 Elysee; 26 Asperses. DOWN: 1 Carpal; 2 Mattock; 3 Deltaic; 4 Wide of the mark; 6 Chateau; 7 Tussock; 8 Hesitate; 10 Powder monkeys; 14 Skin game; 16 Lamprey; 17 Tadpole; 18 Implore; 19 Elixirs; 20 Agrees.

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